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TREASURED AWAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Treasured away in the lowly deep,
In ocean's coral caves,
Lies many a lovely form asleep,
Rocked by the rolling waves.

Treasured away in the lowly deep
Is many a peerless flower,
Many for whom we sadly weep
Are thralled by ocean's power.

Bound by the sea-god's glittering chain,
Throned in his gem-decked hall,
Are many for whom we weep in vain,
On whom we vainly call.

Treasured away in the lowly deep,
Rocked by the stormy waves,
Are many o'er whom the waters' sweep
And the seething ocean raves.

Treasured away in the lowly deep
Is many a cherished form,
O'er which the billows madly leap,
And wildly sweeps the storm.

Treasured away in the lowly deep
Are many for whom we mourn,
But now, alas! 'tis vain to weep,
For they cannot return.

Treasured away in the lowly deep
Are those we'll meet no more,
Until we sleep[on] last, long sleep,
And reach the Heavenly shore.

A LILY AND A ROSE;

OR,

THE SCHEMER AND HIS VICTIMS.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOVE AND MONEY WITH ONE STONE.

Time, and the ever whirling, twisting world, with its ever changing kaleidoscopic vacillations, rubs off the hard outlines of resolution, however stonelike and firm the purpose may be builded, and blunts the keen edge of sorrow as steel is dulled and deadened by constant collision with hard wood and marble.

A few months since, while the sudden disappearance of Harold Grantley still interested the world, a young girl, a child in ignorance of the world's ways, had stood up within a country cottage and sworn to stay her tears no more, had registered a vow to find no resting-place and know no peace until the manner of her lover's death should be known, and if foul play had had a dark hand in his death, to track and trace unceasingly, day and night, as a sleuth hound follows to the end the scent of blood, the being who had robbed her of her love.

And she was sincere; the cry and oath was an earnest fire from her breaking heart, but, *but!* Ah! so small a word is it that a child learns it in its first lesson, yet it turns aside the wisest plans and resolutions, the noblest aims and ends, the most determined purposes of the greatest amongst us.

Rose Darleigh, with her great resolution pressed, like a granite rock, against her heart, started for London. She would seek the clue to the mystery of her lover's death in the great burial ground of all secrets, the great sink whence all crimes, all murders, all hidden evil things find their level.

Strong in her purpose, she came to dig and delve; but the burial ground was too large, the graves were too many, and the living hustled and pushed her aside, hurrying on with stare or glance at the country girl who solicited their help in her digging, and repeating the story of a legion before her, found herself, ere many weeks had passed, as far from the secret as ever, but nearer her own grave. She was starving, and the physical pangs of hunger were fast obliterating the mental ones of grief; and amidst the million faces of the crowd that ever wore the pavements of the streets which had become her home with their busy feet the dead face of her lover grew faint and misty, and at last disappeared. Time and the cares of this world had worn off the edge of Rose Darleigh's resolution.

Nearly starving, close on to death, we know how the manager of the Royal York had found her, and further on we have heard the subtle voice of Raymond Garton winning over the girl whose object in life had gone, whose anchorage was lost.

And now we see her the same Rose, yet not the same. Attired in a pearl grey silk, dotted here and there with vivid color, her hair dressed with elaborate care, and her white arms and neck sparkling with gems, she looked beautiful in the extreme, lovely, with the loveliness of some gay songster of the tropical forest.

The dining room, all ablaze with light and color, was unoccupied, save by her, and she, reclining with graceful ease in the soft recesses of a fauteil, was watching with half closed eyes the gambols of a spaniel, who was trying his teeth on her tiny satin covered foot.

Suddenly the door opened and Raymond Garton appeared in evening dress. It was past the dinner hour. He came in so noiselessly, as usual, that Rose did not hear his approach and was therefore startled when his white hand touched her shoulder with a caress.

"Oh! how you startled me," she said, leaning back and looking up at his dark face, as he bent over the back of the seat.

"Did I?" he said. "Am I so very frightful then that a sudden glimpse of my face frightens one?" and he smiled playfully.

Rose laughed, and with a woman's tact caught his hand as it still rested on her shoulder and held it captive in hers.

"Dear Raymond, you are not ugly, and you know it; you came in so gently that I did not hear you. Look at Flos, there, isn't he merry?" and she pointed her foot at the spaniel, who immediately made a dead rush at it with open mouth and ears flapping with excitement.

"Yes," replied Raymond Garton. "But never mind Flos for a moment, I have something to tell you."

"Yes," she said.

"I am going to have some friends here to-night, Rose," he said, "all gentlemen (the girl colored, she knew he could bring no *lady* to visit her), and I want you to be very glad to see them."

"Yes," she said, as he paused. "Oh, I shall be, of course. Are there many coming?"

"A dozen," he replied. "I want you, Rose, to be as charming as you always are, to talk to them, and to be merry; you understand, eh?" he asked, a slight cloud crossing his brow, and his hand pressing a little heavier, a mere feather weight, heavier upon her shoulder.

It was hard to be obliged to school the girl whom he loved in the dark ways, deceits and deceptions he had practised. Hard, yet necessary, for Raymond intended killing two birds with one stone. This love of his must be made to pay.

"I think I understand," said Rose, thoughtfully, "you want me to please them as I used to——"

"Not exactly," interrupted Raymond, with a quiet smile. "I don't want you to dance, but to smile upon them and to talk to them, amuse them."

The girl laughed.

"You know I can't talk, Raymond; I am not like you, so clever and brilliant; I am dull and ignorant; why, I know nothing—how should I? You remember I was but a poor country girl, then a dancer at a music hall before——." And she stopped. Had she bettered herself by her present state?

The man's face grew thoughtful, almost sad; she could not see his face, so there was no reason to keep the smiling mask on; had he been standing before instead of leaning behind her he would have smiled carelessly.

"Rose, such ignorance as yours is bliss, my darling; such cleverness as mine, a well spring of disquietude and unrest; knowledge is a shield and sword, but a shield lined with thorns and a sword keener at the handle than at the blade."

Then, as he finished the words that were so bitter in their truth, though they were spoken in a soft, sweet voice, he came round to the front and took her hand.

"Look here," he said, as she rose and he led her opposite a mirror. "There, Rose," pointing to her face, "there is *your* strength." And as she blushed a bright crimson he smiled:—"Soh! blush but like that, look only one half as beautiful and they will all be in love with you before the evening is one quarter spent." She shook her head. "Yes, they will, Rose," he continued, "and I want them to."

"You want them to?" she repeated, with astonishment.

"Yes," he said, softly, "never mind the reason, Rose, my darling, but stay them fast and thick. Give them smile for smile, glance for glance, and let each man think you love him in return."

The girl, with a gesture of astonishment, tried to draw her hand away, while she stared at him with wide open eyes.

He smiled his low, silky laugh at her amazement.

"You do not understand?" he said.

She shook her head. "No."

"Neither do I wish you to. You will please me in this, will you not, Rose?" he murmured.

Then, as she still looked at him with a puzzled, almost hurt look, the man's true nature for a moment broke the bonds and burst forth in a passionate cry. He pressed her hand to his heart as if it had been a dagger.

"Girl! do you think I don't suffer in asking you to do this! I tell you I would almost rather you were dead beside me sometimes, than that you should smile upon these men, though it be but in jest, but it must be."

"Why?" she said, earnestly.

"Do not ask me," he replied. "But please me in this, will you not?"

She bowed her head, and he drew her to him and pressed his lips to her forehead.

One after another the guests arrived. Most of them were young, some of them of noble birth and large estates, all of them wealthy.

Raymond Garton had a word for each, a smile for all, and glided about amongst them with his usual adaptable grace. Every now and then some youthful nobleman would be brought up to the Rose Queen to be introduced to Miss Rose Blanecque; and she, following her instructions, smiled sweetly upon them all, and did her best—with all a woman's zeal—to charm them, and she succeeded.

Sitting around her chair, in an irregular circle, they were soon all of them vieing with each other how to gain and keep her attention; and Raymond Garton, as he sat talking to the Count de Lane, glanced round once at the group encircling the beautiful girl, and then smiled significantly at the count, who, without changing the expression of his craven face, raised his eyebrows a mere fraction, in acknowledgement of the smile.

"You are fond of horses, you say?" said a young lord, sitting next the Rose Queen.

Rose bowed her head. "Yes, very!"

"Ah, then you must see my new Arabian; she's the most perfect cream I ever saw, and just up to your weight. Will you let me bring her for you to try?" and he looked eagerly for her answer.

Rose lifted her eyes with *the* smile, but hesitated—she need not have hesitated, for a voice behind her murmured:—

"You are very kind, Clairmont! Miss Blancque will be delighted, will you not, Rose?"

"Oh, delighted!" murmured Rose, "if it is not troubling his lordship too much."

"A great happiness! I am honored!" said the young man, eagerly.

Then Rose turned to another man standing beside her, his arm resting against a statuette and his eyes fixed on her face attentively.

"Will you not play me something?" she asked him.

The composer—Curothan—bowed.

"Will you listen?" he said, with a smile, stroking back the long hair from his forehead and taking off his glasses.

"How cruel of you to ask it!" she retorted softly. "What will you play?"

For reply he shook his head with a puzzled laugh.

"I don't know," he said. "I am afraid nothing that will surpass the music of your voice. Would I could score it!"

The compliment—a stronger one than he would have paid a woman in his own set—was nicely turned, and before the blush had died from her face he was at the piano.

For a second he seemed to hesitate, then broke out into a light dancing melody that was simply charming. Everyone lapsed into silence.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Rose. "What is it?" as the composer came towards her.

"I don't know," he said, with a smile.

"He has just composed it," murmured some one.

"Have you just composed it?" she asked, turning to him quickly.

He nodded.

"Yes, and I have a name for it, too. 'Nothing Fairer than a Rose!'"

Rose blushed again.

"May I dedicate the trifle to you—it is not worthy to have your name on the title page."

"Rather, I am quite unworthy," she replied, with a graceful smile. "Find some one else to dedicate it to, and let it be enough for me to hear it!"

He bowed in his turn at the compliment.

"In that case it will never see the light," he said. "Indeed you must let me have my way; the piece is yours, not mine, for you inspired it!"

And yet another and another courtier knelt at the feet of the Rose Queen, and offered their tribute.

One had a splendid conservatory, from which she was to receive choice slips and flowers. Another begged her to pay a visit to his yacht, and another had a collection of bronzes for which he craved the honor of her inspection.

To one and all she gave a hesitating "yes," accompanied by a bright, light, eager, or languid smile, as her woman's instinct told her; and Mr. Raymond Garton's little game was working well. The men were delighted; they found her so different to the women of their rank, who, possessing only one stereotyped set of ideas, were not very liberal in communicating even them.

Raymond had taken care to inform his apt pupil of the rank, status and character of each guest, so that she knew the titles of the composer's best music, the new picture by the artist who sat himself in a heap on the easiest chair, and the last poem of the poet, who, with his hands clasped behind him, said little, but looked much at her.

Rose could talk; Raymond Garton had procured good masters for her, and she had learnt more in the short time since she had become possessed of the villa than many a school girl acquires during ten years—she was exceedingly beautiful, not vain—at least, for a woman—was charming to all; adorable even to one, or two.

No wonder then the evening went swimmingly, that her beauty was heightened by a joyous blush, that her voice rang modestly tremulous through the room, and that the men voted her amongst themselves the Queen of the Demi Monde, and asked each other "where the devil Raymond Garton had picked her up?"

One or two thought they recognized her—nay, were sure of it—but society's rules are as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians, and they held their peace.

And all through Raymond Garton glided about with a word of praise to the poet, a subtle compliment for the musician, a "tip" for the horsey marquis, a wrinkle for the amateur gardener, a word, and above all, a smile for all. And then came the "hour."

CHAPTER XX.

A STORY.

"My lord," said Mr. Garton, "will you take Miss Rose Blancque in?"

Clairmont held his noble arm and Rose laid her tiny, well gloved hand upon his black coat sleeve.

The curtains at the end of the room were swung aside by two majestic footmen, and a supper room was disclosed to view.

Not too large to be uncanny, nor small enough to be oppressive, the apartment hung round with silk and lace and lighted by innumerable wax lights, reflected and reflected by the mirrors which gleamed between openings of silk, was simply perfect.

There was magnificent supper plate, in quantity and quality sufficiently handsome to excite the envy of the Howard who gazed at it, and viands and wines of Mr. Garton's own selection—no higher praise can be meted.

Rose walked to the head of the table, the noiseless servants glided about, the wine circulated freely and the guests were enjoying themselves—even as well as Mr. Garton could wish.

"This is a superb little—scarcely little though—box of yours," said the poet to Garton

"Very pretty this, isn't it?" replied Garton, with a pleased look. "All Miss Rose's taste; the whole house was furnished under her directions."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the singer. "Exquisite taste."

"This reminds me of the Sultan's harem at Constantinople," said Clairmont, quietly, to Rose.

"Have you seen it?" inquired she, almost breathlessly.

"Yes," he said, with a significant laugh, sipping his Chablis.

"But it is death, is it not, if it were known?" she asked.

He laughed again, and lifting the hair from his forehead, revealed a white scar.

"That is the chief of the eunuch's mark. He writes plainly, doesn't he?"

She shuddered. "Suppose he had killed you!" she breathed.

"Then they wouldn't have buried me at Clairmont," he said with a careless smile—"an honor of which I have a great dread."

"And how did you escape?" she asked.

"I—I—almost forget," he said, quietly; then, as she begged him to tell her, rousing himself with an effort, he continued:—

"Mainville, my younger brother—he is at the Drawing room, or he would be here to-night—and I were staying at Constantinople. Hot work there and nothing to do or see worth living for no woman, no anything, but billiards and ice pudding. We'd been staying three weeks and were just starting for England, when it got noised about that two ladies of the harem were to be pitched into the Bosphorus. As it was the first night we had heard of since we had been there, Main and I determined to stop and see the performance. I shall not forget it in a hurry. The night for the execution was a superb one; a moon as big as a balloon, everything as clear as day, you could see every line in the palace freize-work as plainly as you see that picture there.

"There were two or three hundred people hanging about the quay towards midnight, but no one seemed very much interested, and when we saw one of the windows of the harem open quietly, and a sack containing some thing and tied at the mouth droppei calmly out of the window and splash into the water, we di'n't quite comprehend that the girl was inside, until a faint scream rang out as the sack came up to the surface, and a man lying full length at our feet, smoking his pipe with half closed eyes, compose ly told us that the affair was over, and that the second faithless one was to be 'dropped,' as he called it, the following night.

"The coolness of the whole affair took it out of Main and me, and we walked home very quietly, indeed. In the middle of the night Main came into my room, and said:—

"'I say, Clair, I can't get to sleep. Got a cigar?'

"I gave him a cigar and the information that I was in the same boat not having slept a quarter of a wink, for reason of a certain sack that *would* come and settle on the end of the bed. We sat and smoked, and then we talked, and of course talked of the poor devil—I beg your pardon—who had been dropped.

"Main said he should like to try his hand at a rescue; and after two more cigars and a bottle of clares warm—everything got hot in that confounded place—we hit upon a plan. The Sultan is so secure in his quarters that the doors of the palace are scarcely guarded, the few soldiers standing at the entrance generally going to sleep comfortably during their turn, and waking up conveniently when the relief came.

"We arranged that I should don a suit of rags, join the beggars at the Great Gate and wait my opportunity of slipping into the court, and then take my chance of a hiding place somewhere near the harem. Main was to get a boat and paddle just beneath the window, and try and look as careless and confounded sleepy as the regular boatmen who floated about there.

"Of course Main wanted to take my part in the performance, but I wouldn't alter the cast and stuck to my original character. We sat and smoked until daylight, then I got into some clean rags, tucked a revolver away out of sight, wished him a rather affectionate farewell, for I thought I was clear of the family vault, and crawled down to the gate. I sat in the broiling sun for three mortal hours, got a handful of copper coins, and enough oaths to fill three of Madie's volumes from the passers by, and then, when every other beggar, sentinel included, was fast asleep, sneaked into the court.

"There wasn't a soul there, and I felt rather queer, standing in the middle of the great marble hall, as big as one of our cathedrals and like one there looking, but the fit of funk soon wore off and I got on my hands and knees and crawled along, up the staircase, along no end of corridors and then into a large saloon, which I knew adjoined the harem itself.

"Several times I had to dodge behind a pillar—pillars all over the shop—or a curtain, when a woman, veiled and up like a guy, with a bundle piece of crockery under her arm, or a eunuch, black as ink and togged out in all the colors of the rainbow, and a few more especially made for him, passed me, but I managed to gain the saloon unseen, and crept beneath a divan and made myself comfortable until night.

"I suppose I went to sleep, for all at once I heard a number of voices, and peeping out from my retreat, saw that the room was full of women and in had not noticed them come in. They were lying about unveiled, and very beautiful, eagerly talking of their unfortunate companion. It was the old story—Faithlessness, thy name is a lady of the harem—the gentleman had been banished and the lady was to be executed, as arranged, that evening

"I noticed that several of the beauties looked rather uneasy; probably they were wondering how long it would be before their own peccadilloes were pitched in the sack. They fought a little among themselves, using their only weapon, the tongue, quite unsparingly, and sipped their coffee unceasingly. It was rather an awkward position for me; I was afraid to move; I wanted to cough, once I nearly sneezed—I shou dn't have been allowed to sneeze again, unless I performed the operation with my head off—and the lady lying on the divan, under which I was hidden, had a remarkable drapery which concealed me, her white fingers touching my hair as her hand hung down. The perfumed atmosphere, too, was sending me to sleep, and I should not have been able to keep my eyes open much longer, so it was fortunate that the chief of the eunuchs lifted the curtain and announced, with great respect, that the ladies were to say good-bye to the condemned.

"They all arose with alacrity, snatching up the long white veils which lay about the apartment, and covering themselves over with them. What was I to do? I peered out again from beneath the divan and saw them crowding together. I must follow them, I thought, but how?

"Lying on the ground in front of me was one of the long veils or wraps. I waited until the last lady had passed the divan, and then crawled out quietly, completely enveloped myself in the veil, and followed. We passed into the next saloon, where, lying on the ground, with her hands and feet tied with silk cords and surrounded by her veiled companions, was the condemned.

"She had no veil on, and I saw through the holes of mine that she was extremely beautiful, but white and almost dead with alright.

"The chief of the eunuchs, with two other blacks, after waiting a moment, caught her up in their arms and a third black stood ready with a sack. The poor girl's eyes—she was a little bit of a thing, scarcely nineteen—filled with a mortal anguish as they fixed themselves on the sack, and her lips turned as white as her cheeks, while a shriek forced itself through them.

"The blacks laughed, and one thief put his sprawling hand upon her mouth while the executioners commenced slipping her into the sack. Then I thought it was time for me to interfere. I knew that if they put her in the sack and flung her out she would sink dead before Main could get hold of her. So now was my time.

"Pushing forward, with my veil pressed to my eye—not both but one, the other was watching the chief—I got close to the wretched girl, then, as the sack half covered her, I pretended to be overcome with grief and fell across her. The chief, with something like an oath, caught hold of me to raise me, but I clung to the girl and spasmodically struggling, managed to roll over her to the window. I had got her in my arms, in the very act to fling her out, the sack layed on the floor, when the veil fell from me, and I stood there, ugliness unadorned.

"I never hea'd such a yell as that black devil—I beg your pardon, 'pon my word, I forgot—let loose; it echoed all over the place. With a bound he sprang upon my arm, but I leapt upon the window still and dropped the girl into the water. The other blacks clutched hold of me, but my rags came off in their grasp. The chief was the only one who had anything like a hold. I pointed my revolver at his meerschaum head and told him I should be compelled to shoot him if he didn't loose me. He let me go for a second and I sprang off, but not before he had swung his scimitar round and sliced my forehead.

"Main behaved like a brick. He hauled the girl in, then waited for me, though the people were waking up to our little game, and then we rowed like madmen to the British flag ship lying off the harbor. There, of course, we were all safe."

And at the completion of his narrative, Clairmont laughed his low laugh and held his glass for some wine.

Rose had listened breathlessly and gave a sigh of relief as his last words were spoken.

"And what became of the girl?" she asked in a low voice.

Lord Clairmont looked over at Beaumont.

"Where is Madame Sofrine, Beau?"

"In Italy," was the reply.

And Madame Sofrine, who writes those beautiful little songs, is the lady you rescued?" said some one, with astonishment.

But Rose said:—

"Will you show me the scar again?" and blushed a brighter crimson than his lordship as he lifted the curl of hair and showed the white seam.

Talk slackened a little after that and the wine passed more freely. Then, when the dishes were "no thanks"-ed; and the guests began to look like giants refreshed, Mr. Garton looked up with a smile.

"Clairmont, what do you say to a hand at cards?"

His lordship nodded carelessly——

"Like it above all things." he replied.

"Come along then," said Raymond, rising and leading the way into the saloon which had so astonished Rose.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Clairmont, with honest admiration, "this *is* grand. Why, Garton, you've the handsomest room in the kingdom."

"Miss Blancque's taste," murmured Raymond. "The ceiling is pretty."

"No, it's grand!" said Clairmont, decisively.

The rest of the men were standing in a group admiring the exquisite "get up" of the saloon, while the footmen were placing cards upon the green tables.

The carved sideboards were resplendent with plate and

MISS ETHEL NORMAN, Actress.

delicate glass, and the candelabra reflected the light emitted from the wax candles with a thousand rainbow hues. The whole scene was charming, as, indeed, were all the other apartments of this model villa, and the men, quaffing their wine, lighting their cigars with tips and eyes of connoisseurs, sat down to the cards, declaring that Raymond Garton was a prince.

"My lord," said Raymond to young Beaumont, "you like hazard, and so do you. Tremaine, we'll make a table here. Will you join us, count?" he said to the count, who was standing talking to the Rose Queen, where she sat upon a crimson ottoman, twisting her bracelets round her white arm, and looking over to where Clairmont had seated himself at a table, with the poet and the composer.

"Yes, I should very much," said the count, carelessly, and he took his seat. The cards were cut. He and Raymond were opponents.

"Give me some Badminton," said Raymond to a servant; then turning round on his chair, looking over to Rose, he said, with a smile:—"You asked me last night, Rose, what chicken hazard was. We are going to play it; come and sit here."

"Ah, yes, do, Miss Blancque!" chimed in the young lord, and Rose, though she did not remember ever having heard the words "chicken hazard" before in her life, obediently rose with alacrity, and with an answering smile seated herself opposite Raymond and next Lord Beaumont.

* * * * * *

It was grey dawn when the carriages and cabs drew up at the door of the villa, and Mr. Raymond Garton's, or rather Miss Blancque's guests took their departure.

"Wonderful little place this," said Clairmont to Beaumont, as they stood upon the broad stone terrace upon the grass drive.

"Yes," said Beaumont, lighting his cigar. "And a wonderful man, too."

"And a wond-rful beauty," chimed in the poet quietly. "Lovely!" assented Beaumont, warmly, "lovely! By the way, Clair, have you lost or won?"

"Neither, much," said Clairmont. "Have you?"

"I don't know," replied the noble millionaire. "Oh, yes I'm continued, after a moment, "I lost; I remember now, I gave Count de Lane a check for five hundred pounds. What a beautiful woman Rose Blancque is! Ah me! lucky devil, Raymond Garton."

And the youthful peer, after another laudatory note on the Lafayette, pressed a rose, which the beauty had given him, to his lips, and stepped into his cab, forgetting that the rose and claret had cost him five hundred pounds.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS ETHEL NORMAN.

The subject of our sketch, an English girl, made her London, Eng., *debut* at the Holburn Theatre, April 13th, 1868, as Miss Wharton, in the "Post Boy," and almost immediately thereafter she was engaged to come to America as a member of W. Horace Lingard's burlesque company for the season of 1868-9. She made her American *debut* that season at Brookiyn, L. I., and afterwards acted in the burlesque of "Pluto," while Lingard's company played at the Theatre Comique, in this city.

KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER.—During the "troubles" a young confederate miss was passing through one of the hospitals, when it was remarked that a prisoner, a lieutenant, had died that morning. "Oh, where is he? Let me see him! Let me kiss him for his mother!" exclaimed the maiden. The attendant led her into an adjoining ward, when, discovering Lieutenant H——, of the 5th Arkansas, lying fast asleep on his hospital couch, and thinking to have a little fun, he pointed him out to the girl. She sprang forward, and, bending over him, said:—"Oh, you dear lieutenant, let me kiss you for your mother!" What was her surprise when the awakened "corpse" ardently clasped her in his arms, returned the salute, and then exclaimed:—"Never mind the old lady, miss; go it on YOUR own account. I haven't the slightest objection.

COOL.—In a Wyoming tavern a mountain rough, venomously drunk, was practising with his revolver at various objects in the bar-room. An ox-teamster entered, called for a drink, and a ball from the rough's pistol shattered the glass at his lips. Without saying a word the bullwhacker put his hand into his pocket, produced his pistol, levelled it at the ruffian's head, and remarked, as the body dropped to the floor, "That scoundrel would have hurt somebody pretty soon." He then filled another glass and drank the contents, strode out as deliberately as he had come in, and with a "Whoa, haw, there," started his oxen up the road.

RAPID FLIGHT.—A New Jersey paper asserts that the father of a lad belonging to Whippany has received the message given below, which the lad forwarded by a carrier-pigeon from his vessel, the home of the bird being at Monticlair. The Tren on *Gazette* says a calculation of the time showed that the bird averaged over 180 miles an hour:—

DEAR FATHER.—Sept 10th, 1871, lat. 32 deg. 2 N., lon. 74 deg. 17 W., 600 statute miles from Monticlair, N. J.—I will let the young female bird Tempest go with this note at exactly 10 o'clock A. M., N. Y. time. She is good for 300 miles an hour. All well.

HARRY C. BLEECKER.

A HEAVENLY ANGLE.—A stone cutter in Ohio has achieved immortality for himself by tracing on a tombstone the assertion that the little child buried beneath "was an *angle* on earth, and now she is an *angle* in heaven."

NIGGER DEMUR.—A negro insisted that his race was mentioned in the Bible. He said he had heard the preacher read about how "Nigger Demus wanted to be born over again."

WOMAN'S PROPENSITIES.—The strongest propensity in woman's nature, says a careful student of the sex, is to know what is going on, and the next strongest is to boss the job.

THE candle which accidentally fell into a pail of water was much put out by the occurrence, and has ever since been dismally unlitted for work.

THE INFLUENCE OF LEGS,

A REMINISCENCE OF THE "WHITE FAWN."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The influence of legs! what a subject to write about! Yes! and a very good subject, too; so pray do not *object* but rather *subject* all that morbid prudishness which is too often a mere surface covering to grosser thoughts and ideas than any suggested by the above title. That legs have an influence is an undoubted fact, and the ladies know it. Many ladies who cannot boast of a handsome face, are nevertheless proudly conscious of the unmistakeable influence of their understandings. And why should they not be? If Miss Araminta glories in the possession of her luxurious tresses that fall in such bewitching abandon over her well formed shoulders, and if beautiful Lilian experiences a thrill of inward satisfaction every time she passes the mirror, why should they not also feel a pardonable pride in the possession of limbs of superior mould and symmetry? The small, neat foot, with arched instep and well turned ankle, surmounted by the finely developed proportions that occasionally peep so provokingly from beneath a circle of choicest silk and *moire antique*, and the splendid *contours* of a handsome and graceful figure, go very far towards compensating their fair owner for any lack of facial beauty. Let the men deny it if they can. But to my story.

One evening in the month of March, when the "White Fawn" was delighting the citizens of New York, with its scenes of wondrous beauty and the fairy-like enchantment of its performance, I called on my friend Mr. Hopkins, a confirmed old bachelor, to accompany me to Niblo's Theatre. At first he peremptorily refused.

"What do I want," he said, "going to see a lot of fantastically dressed stupids throwing their legs about in all directions, and behaving in a manner far removed from all decorum and christian decency?"

"You have seen it then," I replied.

"No," he answered with considerable emphasis.

"Well, old boy," I said, somewhat coaxingly, "you would enjoy it, I know. I have seen it and I like it. I was not aware you belonged to that class of rigid moralists whose scrupulous exactness will not permit of visiting such places."

"You ought to know me by this time, Phil," he said, turning round on his seat; "you know I never had any fancy for such amusements; give me my pipe and tobacco, a cosy room and a few convivial spirits (human and distilled) and I don't care for all the theatres in creation."

"But you are all alone to-night," I observed; "so come along, if its only for the novelty of the thing. I certainly must plead guilty to the depravity that admires a beautiful face and handsome figure; besides, I have two tickets, orchestra seats, too, and I am bound to use them."

This assertion seemed to have considerable effect, for as he looked at me through the smoke that curled lazily up from his meerschaum, I perceived a gleam of resignation on his dear old face which told me plainly that there was a truce to all further objection.

Mr. Hopkins was an easy, good natured bachelor, who had comfortably threaded the mazes of life for forty-seven summers without experiencing any of those romantic episodes which frequently mark the career of the less stical portion of humanity. His tastes were somewhat peculiar, his habits circumscribed. He never cared for the popular resorts of amusement—the theatres and ball-room offered him no attractions. Still there was nothing sordid or morose in his composition. His genial nature and kindly spirit seemed to soften all the excentricities of his character and rendered him beloved and appreciated by his numerous friends. He was ever ready to forego his own tastes and inclinations for the gratification of others, and it was owing to the activity of this generous principle in his nature that made him such an easy victim to my wishes.

He rose from his seat, which was always in a recess by the window, and began to adjust himself, as he playfully observed, for his *debut* in the theatrical world. "If I prove a failure, as I fully anticipate, there's nothing to lose, that's a satisfaction, eh! Phil?"

"Certainly," I said; "and perhaps there may be something to gain; at any rate I will warrant you will be interested and amused, if not edified."

Had I known the sequel I should have spoken these words with greater assurance.

We soon found ourselves at the entrance of the theatre, that temple of fairy wonders, where sportive creatures played and laughed, danced and sang to admiring audiences. My friend composed himself and assumed a very *nonchalant* air. He sat down in his chair as coolly as if he had been accustomed to sit there every night of his life. This strange indifference surprised me a little, but I have since found out that it is a common characteristic among the members of the anti-hymeneal fraternity. Old maids and bachelors invariably like to appear happy and agreeable in the company of young married people, and to effect this object they manifest a profound indifference to the common objects of interest and the popular sources of amusement. Of course they have all *had* many eligible offers, but they didn't choose to follow the prevailing custom, and tie themselves up for life—oh dear, no! Hopkins had frequently extolled the joys and untrammelled pleasures of his bachelor life, but only once did I hear him boast that he had never bowed to love's caprice, or to woman's smile, and never would.

He sat through the entire performance without giving the least expression of regret at having attended. Indeed, he became interested to such as extent as to forget himself, and once or twice he led the applause. The firefly *ballet* he especially admired; "Don't they go it fine?" he said, eagerly watching the graceful evolutions of the dancers.

"Yes," I replied, "for a lot of fantastically dressed stupids they do very well."

He turned round and smiled, but only for a moment, and I felt it would be cruel, if not useless, to attempt to draw his attention away from the stage; there was such an eager and devouring interest in his steady gaze.

Again he became demonstrative in his admiration, and remarked:—"It's a perfect treat."

"Don't you think the dresses are a little too scant?" I whispered, "not altogether becoming to such a display, nor in accordance with our ideas of christian decency."

"Oh, not at all," he said; "it suits admirably, and they dance all the better for it. Any surplus drapery would only be a burden and impede the perfect freedom of their limbs."

It was now my turn to be astonished and I believe I looked into the glowing countenance of Mr. Hopkins as if his last speech had had a mesmeric influence upon me. What a change the "White Fawn" had effected in his ideas and opinions. He scarcely seemed the same individual; there was very little similarity between the flushed and excited Mr. Hopkins that now sat beside me, and the quiet, sober bachelor I had seen a few hours previously.

"Then you approve of it and are interested?" I said to him.

"Very much; when are you coming again?" he inquired eagerly; "I could sit before such performances all night without tiring; but it is my turn now—I shall ask you to accompany me next—to-morrow night, say."

"Don't rush things too much, old boy," I said, laughing right in his face; "before to-morrow night you may regret having come here at all."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when your present excitement has a little subsided your cold indifference to all such displays may return and make you more of a recluse, as far as such amusements are concerned, than ever you were before."

"*Never*," he replied; "I shall be here to-morrow night if I'm alive," and then whispering in my ear, he continued, "you know I always believed, although I may not have openly confessed it, that beauty unadorned is adorned the most, and I believe it now more than ever. I really like this exhibition; it has made me feel quite young again, and if you will only refrain from joking too much at my expense, we will arrange to come here again and have a pretty good time—what say you?"

"Then you are really desirous to repeat the dose?"

"Certainly," he replied; "it is just to my taste."

It was as much as I could do to preserve my gravity. The enthusiasm betrayed by my old friend tickled me immensely, and as we returned home his conversation became thickly interspersed with numerous adjectives, such as 'splendid,' "glorious," "grand," "magnificent," till I began to think that one of the nine parts of speech constituted the safety-valve of his admiration. New feelings and emotions had been awakened within him, and a strange sensation of undefined pleasure and enjoyment seemed to possess him. In fact, as I said before leaving him, his bachelor life had failed to render him insensible to the "mysterious" influence of feminine grace and beauty.

Circumstances unfortunately prevented my attendance the following evening, though Mr. Hopkins kept his promise and went to the theatre *several* times, as I subsequently heard. I called at his house on two or three occasions, but each time I received the information, "Mr. Hopkins is not in, sir." This was most unusual, and I began to wonder whether some of the "White Fawn" fairies had bewitched him. Judge of my surprise then, when, returning home one evening, I suddenly stumbled upon my venerable friend, looking as if his youth had been renewed, and with a young and very pretty lady on his arm. I stopped, involuntarily, and raised my hat as politely as my state of amazement would permit, when Mr. Hopkins grasped my hand and, with a face radiant with joy, introduced me to Mrs. Hopkins. I looked at my old friend with feelings of mingled pleasure and surprise, and uttered a few words which sounded like, "are you serious?" He *was* serious. He was in very deed married and rejoiced in the possession of a very agreeable and pretty little wife.

I dined with him the following Sunday, and as I wished him prosperity and happiness over a glass of his favorite wine, he poked me in the side and said:—"The influence of legs—it is all owing to the influence of legs. If you had never taken me to see the 'White Fawn' I should still have been Old Bachelor Hopkins."

A QUESTION OF INSPIRATION.—A clergyman was preparing his discourse on Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase what he was disposed to disapprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers:—"Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

JIM JAMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"What, ho! douse the glim on the promenade deck
Stir up twenty gallons of yeast;
Cut the cabin boy's throat and bid the cook
Prepare a marriage feast!
The costliest viands that gold can buy,
Fit for a king or a lord,
And ho! let him serve up the steward, cold,
For my bride is coming aboard!

"Bring me a bullfinch from the wave,
And a sardine from his lair,
And a lobster with a purple nose,
While I a salad prepare!
Man the main truck and strike six bells;
Not a groan, nor a sigh, nor a tear!
And, bo'sen, pipe all hands to the guns,
For my bride will a. on be here!

"I see a cloud like a fore-top jib,
Flap along through the angry sky,
But monarch of sea and cloud and land,
And all I survey am I;
Make way! she comes! the queen of my soul,
That I design to wed!"
To the tipsy captain up stepped the cook,
And carried him off to bed.

J. H. B

THE DRAMA IN AMERICA.

ITS FIRST ESTABLISHMENT.

COMPILED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY W. R. JENKINS.

From the time of the erection of the John Street Theatre in New York, in 1767, until the autumn of 1774, Douglas gave alternate seasons in New York, Philadelphia and Annapolis, frequently visiting the towns between these cities, and introducing the drama into several places not hitherto visited by a dramatic company. On July 3d, 1769, the first dramatic performance was given in Albany, and in June, 1774, Douglas, at the invitation of numerous citizens of Charleston, S. C., visited that city and opened the first theatre erected there, where the company played for a season of fifty-one nights. It was at this time, when the prospects of the drama were most brilliant, that Congress, then assembled in Philadelphia, evidently considering that English actors were not proper subjects for patriotic American patronage, and foreseeing the inevitable conflict so soon to be commenced, agreed to discountenance and discourage anything calculated to produce extravagance, and under this resolution were classed "gaming, cock-fighting, exhibitions of shows, plays and other expensive diversions and entertainments." This proved an unexpected blow to the manager, but finding his only course was to leave the country, he returned to Jamaica with part of his company, the rest going to London. From that time until the return of peace such dramatic exhibitions as were given in this country were performed by British officers, first at Boston, where Gen. Burgoyne erected a private theatre for the entertainment of himself and friends, and afterwards in New York and Philadelphia, the proceeds of the performances being given to the needy. After peace had been firmly established, Hallam, who had succeeded his father-in-law, Douglas, in the management of the company, ventured to return, making his first appearance at the Southwark Theatre, in Philadelphia, where he met with a somewhat cordial welcome. After his departure for New York, however, a bill was introduced into the legislature to prohibit the performance of stage plays, characterizing such entertainment as immoral and vicious. This measure was discussed with energy on both sides, the drama finding able defenders in Gen. Wayne and Robert Morris, who eventually succeeded in defeating the bill; and from that time forth the drama has been liberally patronized in Philadelphia as a rational and instructive amusement whenever properly administered. On their arrival in New York the company opened at the John Street Theatre on the 24th of August, 1786; but evidently fearing opposition, Hallam cautiously announced a course of lectures, to begin with a prologue and end with a pantomime; and not until the 24th of October did he muster up courage to boldly announce a drama and a

tion of cultivation and refinement. From that time theatres have sprung up in all parts of the country, and now-a-days no village is complete without the "opera house," or "music hall," which are theatres in fact, if not in name.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1871.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets,
Box 1,830 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

FRIENDSHIP BOAT CLUB.—On June 19th, 1868, Henry Coulter and James Hamill rowed a five mile race, for $1,000 a side and the championship of America, on the Schuylkill river, Philadelphia, but after rowing about a mile the boats collided, and both men were thrown out. Coulter was assisted into his shell, and rowed over the course, but claimed the stakes, while Hamill was towed over the course alongside the boat, which was rowed back ten into his accompanying four-oared boat, which was towed back to the starting point, one of the outriggers of his shell having been rendered useless. Coulter claimed the stakes, but, as the accident was evidence, the referee ordered them to row again next day. This they did, when one of Coulter's oars was broken at the third stroke and he was obliged to withdraw, Hamill pulling over the course alone and winning the stakes.

A. H. CLARK, Rock Island.—1. On Sept. 3d, 1868, Ned O'Baldwin became involved in an altercation, ending in blows being exchanged, with some person, to us unknown, at the late Felix Larkin's saloon. On the following day he met Wormald for the first time this city. On the following day he met Wormald for the first time this city. On the following day he met Wormald for the first time this city

BILLIARDS.

NEW YORK VS. NEW ORLEANS.—Since our last all interest attached has been centered into The high compliments paid Mr. Jerome Dion, of this city, and Mr. Henry Miller, of New Orleans, by the friends of the latter, induced them to meet in a friendly contest, for the championship of the South. Below are the articles of agreement:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 19, 1871.

We, the undersigned, agree to play a match at billiards, to consist of three games, each for $500 (two hundred and fifty dollars) a side. Game to be the three-ball carom, played with Dobbs ball, on a new Phelan & Collender 5 by 10 carom table, to be selected and delivered for the match by Phelan & Collender. Each player to furnish his own cues, and to be at liberty to use any he may select from those furnished for the three-ball games engaged in at Saratoga. Each game to be 1,000 points up, Mr. Joseph Dion giving Mr. Henry Miller the odds of 150 points in the game to be played in Saratoga, and won by the latter. The match to be played on Monday, November 1, 1871, or as soon after thereto as suitable hall in said city can be procured. The money for all bets staked on the match to be deposited in the hands of the stakeholder, Mr. Wm. Phelan, of this city, before the commencement of his game to New Orleans. Mr. Miller allows Mr. Dion $400 game (four hundred and seventy-five dollars), for expenses. Signed, C. DE LA FOLIE, for Henry Miller.

JOSEPH DION.

DALEY VS. GARNIER, FOR $500 A SIDE.—Before the next issue of the CLIPPER leaves the press the first game of the second match between these well-known billiard players will have been played in Chicago. The date selected is Oct. 24. Both men are in fine play, but Daley's condition is not so good, probably, as it should be when called upon to meet his opponent. However, it is to be hoped that before Monday next he will be rid of it. Aside from this unlucky illness, Daley is generally thought to have a little the best of the match, though not enough to warrant even the slightest odds being offered. Garnier has improved much since his visit here, both in style of play, and the main fear yet to be found who will lay $100 to $65 either way. Market, open the ball!

DESTRUCTION OF A BILLIARD TABLE FACTORY.—The telegraph brings from San Francisco the news of a heavy conflagration in that city, one of the sufferers being the house of Phelan and Collender, whose loss is set down at $50,000, probably well covered by insurance. The chief loss will be in the stoppage of business.

A MATCH WAS MADE in Chicago, Ill., on the 19th inst., between Mike Foley, of that city, and Frank Slosson, of Flint, Mich, for $500 a side. 1,500 points up, thirty days from above date. A forfeit of $100 a side was posted in the hands of S. F. Stevens at the time of signing articles.

BENEFIT OF MICHAEL GRARY.—This player is to be the recipient of a testimonial on the 27th inst. The entertainment will take place at Capt. Boyle's, 263 Broadway, and will be participated in by many of the great cushers.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF CALIFORNIA.—The match for the championship of the Pacific region, between J. H. F. McCleery and S. E. Foss, was won by the former. The game was 1,500 points, on a Phelan and Collender 5x10 four-pocket table, and McCleery's majority was 111. The winner's average and best run were respectively 36½ and 168. Foss's best run was 64, and his average 16.

SLOSSON VS. C. DION.—The proposed match between these players, the former to receive the odds of 300 in 1,500, still hangs fire. The Flint (Mich.) people evidently think the odds not enough. Slosson defeated Daley in the Rochester tournament, taking first prize. Daley beats Cyrille Dion. Now, how much more than 300 ought Dion to give Slosson? is the conundrum.

AQUATIC.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF THE WIDOW OF JAMES RENFORTH.

We willingly give place to the annexed communication, and shall be happy to take charge of any subscriptions that may be sent in our care:—

FORT LEE, Sept. 17th, 1871.

MR. QUEERE.—DEAR SIR.—I hope you will give the enclosed lines a place in your paper, and co-operate with me in trying to get a donation for the benefit of Mrs. Renforth. By appealing to the English in America, I think we shall meet with success. Owing to the manner in which he lost his life, we have no claim upon the American people; but as they are never last or least in any worthy undertaking, therefore the smallest favor will be thankfully received at your office (with your permission), or at my residence, Fort Lee, Bergen Co., N. J. All letters addressed to Mr. John Demerest, 36 Barrow street, or to Capt. Leary, Pleasant Valley steamer, foot of Spring street, will receive due attention. I will head the subscription with five dollars and give my time and attention for one month to the cause. I am certain that the Hon. John Morrissey, whose liberal donations have so often cheered the hearts of the suffering, will do his part. Senator Norton is always ready and willing, for his heart is overflowing for suffering humanity. Should we be successful in our appeal, I purpose that the money be sent to Mrs. John J. Abbott, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose philanthropic deeds sustain the lives of five hundred little orphans, independent of their country or creed. In my humble opinion she is the brightest example of Christian charity, which is the surest way to happiness and heaven, where, I trust, the good and pure will meet.

Yours, respectfully, MRS. C. A. DE LA FOLIE.

ON THE DEATH OF JAMES RENFORTH.

FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Alas! brave Renforth, bright star of the Tyne,
To write thy refrain—must the task be mine?
Great was thy effort, master of the oar,
Sadly you fell, to rise on earth no more.

No more? oh dear words, the pr'mer of life,
Dear friends, hear his soul's last lingering sigh,
"Oh God, who will now shield my loving wife?"
Angels record his words of love on high.

Let us remember that in our youth and pride,
That man rowing down life's changing tide;
God guide us all amid the mist and gloom,
To that Elysian beyond the tomb!

MRS. CATHERINE A. DE LA FOLIE.

HARLEM YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

This annual event occurred on Wednesday, Sept. 20th, over a course from the Middle Ground at the mouth of the Kills, to the Can buoy off the Stepping Stones Rocks, then around the Spar buoy, off College Point, thence back to the buoy off Throg's Neck, and return to place of starting, a distance of about twenty-five miles. The judges were Messrs. E. W. Gardner, O. P. Raynor and William Kyle. There was an allowance of three minutes to the foot, and the entries were as follows:—

FIRST CLASS.

Name.	Length.	Owner.
Joe Jefferson	33½ ft. 8in.	Jacob Varian.
Carrie	31 " 5 "	Josiah Porter.
SECOND CLASS.		
Vivid	29½ ft. 9in.	James A. Clark.
General Tweed	28 " 5 "	William Kipp.
THIRD CLASS.		
Mary Campbell	21½ ft. 01in.	Morris Campbell.
Sophia Emma	21 " 10 "	J. M. Varian.
Mary Emma	21 " 11 "	W. E. Brinkerhoff.
Defiance	24 " 2 "	W. E. Brinkerhoff.
FOURTH CLASS.		
Josie J	19½ ft. 8½in.	J. Armitage.

A start was effected shortly after two o'clock P. M., a stiff breeze blowing from north-northwest, sending the boats along at a spanking gait, and giving the amateur sailors on board plenty to do. The Carrie led throughout, and after a fine race the boats arrived at the home stake-boats in the following order and time:—

FIRST CLASS.

Carrie	4h. 52m. 00s.	Joe Jefferson	5h. 01m. 45s.

SECOND CLASS.

Vivid	4 56 30	General Tweed	5 05 06

THIRD CLASS.

Defiance	5 08 03	Sophia Emma	5 10 45
Mary Emma	5 07 00	Mary Campbell	5 17 10

FOURTH CLASS.

Josie J. ..... Not timed.

The winners are:—In the first class, the Joe Jefferson, she beating the Carrie on time allowance by 2 min. 15 sec. In the second class the Vivid wins by 5 min. 56 sec. In the third class the Mary Emma wins on time allowance by 2 min. 43 sec. In the fourth class there was no competition, and the Josie J. had a walk over. The prizes were a gold medal, valued at $100, for each class.

THE WARDS vs. THE BIGLINS.

In our issue of the past week appeared a challenge from Barney Biglin, on behalf of the crew of which he is bow oarsman, directed especially to the Ward Brothers, or, in case of their declining, to any other four in the states. To this we have received the subjoined response, from which it will be seen that there is no likelihood of a match being made between them, the Cornwallian Harbor crew having resolved not to row again as the crew which so gallantly carried away the honors on Saratoga Lake. While this will cause disappointment to very many, it will afford gratification to know that they contemplate re-organization for the season of '72. Read Josh's communication:—

NEW YORK, Sept. 25th, 1870.

MR. QUEERE.—SIR.—Permit me to state, in reply to a challenge in your last issue, from one of the Biglin-Coulter crew to us, that we would have made a match on the day of the Saratoga race with any crew there, had the question of our ability to outrow any four then present been raised. We are challenged by parties who, since that occasion, know we have renounced rowing again as a four-oar crew which we have distance dreally in that race of only four miles. I reply to the Biglins by appending the rowing record between us, seven single scull races the Wards easily won all but one, a single defeat in the whole list! In three four-oar races, one a regatta at Newburgh, two Wards and two others beat three Biglins and one other; at Sing Sing, in a match race, four Wards beat two Biglins and two others; at Saratoga, the last race we pulled, we left anything in favor of ourselves and the last named place, as the press and public have treated us so kindly; but we have a right to speak when others endeavor to screen their defeat through excuses, and I assert we had greater difficulties in that race than any other crew, with an accident to one of us during the contest, from our position, the wind being full on our quarter, compelling us on the home-stretch to row ten lengths out of our way over to the eastward for the smooth water the Biglin and English boats possessed. In closing I will say that we can row no more as the four of Saratoga, but we intend to reorganize for another season, with some excellent new material, our determination being to use our best endeavors to maintain the honor of American oarsmanship in the future. Respectfully,

JOSHUA WARD.

HUDSON AMATEUR ASSOCIATION.—On Saturday, Oct. 7th, will occur, providing the weather is propitious, the fifth annual regatta of the Hudson Amateur Rowing Association, over the three mile course at Pleasant Valley, on the Hudson. It was feared that the withdrawal of several prominent clubs, formerly belonging to the association, would render the annual carnival of less interesting than heretofore, this season, but the action of the members thereof in throwing open the races to all amateur clubs in the country has dispelled those fears, and from present appearances the display will be unusually fine, especially in the single scull and six-oared shell races, which are for the amateur championship of the States. The latter will afford an admirable opportunity for the settling of the superiority question between the Atalantas and Gulicks, both of whom lay claim to the title of champions, basing the same upon different grounds, however. All the crews and oarsmen who contemplate competing have been working in a business-like manner in promulgation of Commodore Brady's circular, and will be able to pull "like sixty" on the 7th prox. The Gulick's six have been located at West Brighton, S. I., for a week or more, taking regular practice, following the course as composed of the following amateurs:—Harry Truax (stroke), William Gannon, William Matthews, William Spear, William Burns, Richard Dealy (bow). The association has extended the time for the closing of entries until the 1st of October, in consequence of a change having been made by substituting a 17-foot working boat race for that named for four-oared shells.

FOUR-OARED RACE.—On Sept. 20th a two mile race came off on the Charles river course, Boston, for a purse of $100, between the following crews:—Annie M. Coburn, manned by H. Savage (stroke), J. T. Bany (No. 3), C. H. Mooney (No. 2), P. A. Daily, jr., (bow). Anarella, manned by J. O'Day (stroke), J. Dunseen (No. 3), M. Walsh (No. 2), P. A. Daily, jr., (bow). The judges at the upper stake were J. Cummiskey, for the Savage crew, and M. O'Brien, for the O'Day crew; at the starting point, D. F. Houghton, for the Savage, and J. Cleary, for O'Day. F. C. Butler was chosen referee, and shortly after four o'clock the start was effected, both boats going away evenly, which position they maintained for very near a quarter of a mile, when the Coburn began to take the lead. Shortly after they had pulled the first quarter a foul seemed probable, as the Anarella had left her course and was steering directly for the Coburn; but as the latter now began to increase her lead, she drew her stern clear just in time to avoid a collision. The Coburn increased the gap to the stake, which she turned three lengths ahead. After this the lead the race all her own way, as she gradually widened the gap, and won the race easily in 16 minutes and 30 seconds, the other boat being 30 seconds behind. The water was very rough, although ten minutes before the start it was perfectly smooth.

THE QUEBEC REGATTA.—This affair took place on Wednesday, 20th inst., but in consequence of the Yay or Winship and Barton crews having returned home (the latter, doubtless, because they did not wish to risk the loss of another contest with the Chambers four), very little interest was manifested in the regatta. The entries for the four-oared race embraced five local boats, in addition to the English crew, the latter of which had everything their own way from start to finish, coming in two minutes ahead of the Swindle four. The Fairy Queen came in third and the Ottawa fourth. The Smith crew upset. The course was below Remand's Wharf and Beauport Beach. The wharfs and buildings were crowded with spectators, who grew tired the Tyne crew with immense applause on coming first. At the start a buttean purposely ran across the course, causing two of the boats to foul. The prize was $1,000. In the single scull race Harry Kelley was first, Chambers second and Percy third.

WILLIAMSBURGH YACHT CLUB.—On Wednesday, Sep. 20th, the members of this Long Island club held their second annual regatta, eight boats competing, as follows:—First class—Jeanette, Ke-Ideen and Kate Bulger. Second class—Undine, Alice Conway and Bertha. Third class—Addie and Emma. The course sailed over was from Pottery Point, Greenpoint, around Throg's Point buoy, and return. Although the top-mast of the Jeanette, with all its gear, was carried away off Throg's Point, she finished in the van. The prizes were a set of colors and a marine glass.

ROWING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Two races are to take place on the Schuylkill river, at Philadelphia, on Saturday, Sept. 30th. The first will be a single scull, for a new shell boat, valued at $125, between John Levins, of the Pennsylvania Club, and H. C. Townsend, of the Quaker City. The second event is for double sculls for a $50 prize, the contestants being Peterson and Crossman, of the Undine Club, and the Biegle brothers, of the Crescent Club.

EMPIRE CITY ROWING CLUB.—The annual regatta of this organization was arranged for the 25th inst., on the old Empire Course, Harlem river. The programme, which included six races, two of them for feminine oarsmen—was published last week. A report is necessarily deferred until our next issue, owing to our going to press upon the evening of that day.

THE YALE NAVY voted, on the 19th inst., to select their University crews hereafter from the whole University, and erect a similar edifice up the east of Harvard.

ANNAPOLIS VS. NEWPORT.—The six-oared gig race, three miles, straight-away, between the Annapolis Rowing Association, of Annapolis Point, N. J., and the Middletown, of Rose Hill, N. J., was to have taken place on the waters of the Rose Hill Yacht Club, on Saturday, 16th inst., but the day for the annual issue of the Clipper arrived before the race was pulled, and we must defer a report until next week.

THE CHALLENGE PLATE of the Chautauqua Lake Yacht Club was pulled for on Sept. 16th, by the Rebel, Pilot, Spray and Sea Witch, the course being three miles to the buoy and return, a distance of nine miles in all. The Rebel won, Pilot second, Spray third, and Sea Witch fourth.

THE SHELL owned by Rabt. Bagnall is the repository of Halifax and Saratoga has been purchased by Gilbert, of the Galatea. She was built by Jewett, and is a superior boat.

THE TURF.

GOLDSMITH MAID AND LUCY.

LAST TIME MADE.

Time, 2:24½; 2:23; 2:23½.

On Saturday, the 23d inst., Goldsmith Maid and Lucy trotted together at the Fall Creek Trotting Park, in the presence of 2,000 persons. The weather was most favorable, and the track in fine order. A strong breeze prevailed, making numerous shoots of dust, and the track itself was heavy. In the first heat a good send off was had, Lucy slightly in front. At the quarter-pole Goldsmith Maid commenced her finishing leg her head home, won the heat by two lengths in 2:24½. In the second heat the mares crossed the score head and head, but Goldsmith Maid quickly obtained and went to the quarter in 34 seconds. She retained her position in front to the home stretch, Lucy coming up within the wheels of the Maid, but the latter responded to the whip and made a magnificent burst of speed, and crossed the score six lengths before Lucy in the fast time of two minutes, without having made a skip or break. The third heat was a repetition of the first, both mares trotting steadily, and came home in 2:23½, Lucy only a neck behind Goldsmith Maid. Budd Doble, the driver of the latter, pronounces the second heat, taking into consideration the heaviness of the track, the high wind that prevailed, and the immense quantities of dust, to be the best the Maid has ever trotted. Both mares started from St. Louis for St. Joseph, Mo., on Monday last, on their hippodromeing tour in the west.

There seems little probability that Goldsmith Maid and Lucy will trot this fall on any of the eastern courses. The Secretary of the Point Breeze Association, Philadelphia, wrote to Budd Doble to ask if he proposed being at the approaching fall meeting at that track, and in reply Doble stated that the arrangements for Goldsmith Maid and Lucy were made up to the close of the trotting season in the west. He says that the aggregate of the amounts offered them in that section of the country far exceed those of the east, and that next year still more tempting inducements will be held out in the way of purses, for the attraction of the best trotting horses to the western meetings.

TROTTING AT MINNEAPOLIS.

On Friday, the 15th inst., a trot for a purse of $2,000 between Western Girl and North Star, Mambrino, formerly known as R. A. Alexander, took place at Minneapolis, Minn. Mambrino won in three straight heats. Time, 2:27½; 2:27½; 2:27½.

On Saturday, the 16th inst, Goldsmith Maid and Lucy trotted for a purse of $3,000. The track is new and sandy, and rare wear between the hoofs of the horses, notwithstanding which Goldsmith Maid won the race in three straight heats, trotting the first in 2:18¾, the second in 2:17¾, and the third in 2:20. In the second heat Lucy was only beaten a neck, and Doble thinks he will soon beat his Milwaukee time of 2:17 with the Maid, so rapidly is she improving. The track is stated to have been carefully measured, and found a full mile. Summary:—

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Sept. 18th.—Purse $3,000, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Owner entered b s North Star Mambrino	1	1	1
Owner entered ch m Western Girl	2	2	2

Time, 2:27½; 2:27½; 2:27½.

SAME COURSE, Sept. 16th.—Purse, $3,000, mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.

Budd Doble entered b m Goldsmith Maid	1	1	1
O. A. Hickok entered b m Lucy	2	2	2

Time, 2:18¾; 2:17¾; 2:21.

THE COLD SPRING TROTTING TRACK, at Milwaukee, Wis., was on Saturday, the 23d inst., officially surveyed by Mr. Charles Haswell, the well known New York civil engineer, and he officially reports that it measures *fourteen feet* over one mile, measuring three feet from the pole. Mr. Haswell accounts for the track being so fast from the long, regular turns on each end, which, he says, are not equalled by those of any other course in the country. Now, that the length of the Cold Spring track is officially settled, Goldsmith Maid's record of 2:17 must take precedence of Dexter's 2:17¼.

FISHHOOK, the celebrated Australian race horse, died at Mr. Hunter's stud farm, near Woodstock, Victoria, on June 15th.

ST. ANDREWS VS. LONG ISLAND.—A grand quoiting match between these clubs is to take place at Rothwell's Atlantic Grounds, on Atlantic avenue, near Nostrand, Brooklyn, on Sept. 28th, for the benefit of the late John Goldie, who was a member of the St. Andrews Club.

MESSRS. HAWKINS, McCoole and Humphreys shot at five birds each at Scattergood's Hotel, Philadelphia, on Sept. 21st, the former winning. Score—Hawkins, 4; McCoole, 3; Humphreys, 1. Frank Wilson was judge.

TOURNAMENT AT PHILADELPHIA.—Several prominent sporting men of the City of Quakers have projected an out-door tournament, which is arranged to take place at Oakdale Park, on Monday, Oct. 16th. The programme will embrace hurdle quoit matches, a one mile foot race, jumping, hurdle racing, walking matches, racing, clog and jig dancing, sack races, etc., all for money prizes worth competing for. List of prizes, with full particulars, will be given next week.

LITTLE GOLDIE.

A Story of Woman's Love.

CHAPTER I.

One of the most beautiful places in the state of New York may be found a few miles back of the waters of the Hudson River, and having a delightful view of that beautiful stream.

Upon a green, sloping hillside, a wide-roofed, low cottage farm-house stands, embowered in a group of grand old trees.

A garden of bright-hued flowers extends from the ivy-colored porch in front of the house to the green buckthorn hedge, and between the hedge and the road a smooth, sloping bank of green intervenes, for the cottage stands a little back from the road.

Broad fields, cultivated to their fullest extent, lay all around, and a wide belt of woodland bounds the farm upon two sides, extending back upon the hill. Back of the low farm-house are the orchards, now in the spring time, white with apple blossoms, and pink with the bloom of the peach tree.

In the wide, white-floored kitchen, a plump, pleasant-faced matron is wetting the tops of several loaves of brown bread, preparatory to putting them into the brick oven, within which the fire is roaring and crackling.

This is Mrs. Mellen, and her three daughters are in the room with her.

Three as handsome, blooming young ladies, as one could select from among a thousand.

The eldest, Annabell, called "Belle," was stirring a bowl of eggs for the Indian corn pudding, which stood in the earthen pot, waiting beside the brown bread for the fire to be taken from the oven.

May, the second daughter, was filling the pumpkin pies, "to set in the mouth of the oven," as Mrs. Mellen had said.

Goldie, the youngest and pet of the whole family, was sitting upon a low rocking-chair, pouting her cherry lips, and pulling the leaves from a spray of apple blossoms which she held in her hand, and letting the white and scented leaves fall upon her dainty white Marseilles apron, so prettily braided with black, and ruffled at the edge.

The sisters were aged respectively, twenty, eighteen and sixteen.

Belle, the oldest, was tall and dark, with rich, creamy complexion, and brilliant cheeks and lips. Her features were regular and not too large, and her jet black hair curled in smooth, even ringlets, that were always bound away from her face with a scarlet ribbon. She was called by her admirers the handsomest of the three sisters. In disposition she was proud and determined, and never forgave a wrong, whether real or fancied.

The second daughter, May, was of slight, graceful form, clear hazel eyes and perfectly transparent skin. Her mouth was small, and its expression of great sweetness. If the proud beauty of Belle's mouth expressed her willful, passionate temperament, then the peaceful calm of May's face bore evidence of the angelic soul within her graceful form. Her long brown hair was put smoothly away from her fair oval face, and gathered in one massive graceful coil at the back of her head.

But Goldie! pretty little Goldie Mellen, was one of those exquisite little mortals that defy description. She was always beautiful, but her beauty never seemed to be twice alike. Her hair was of that exquisite golden tint so prized in poet's song and copied by the old masters of painting, but which is seen in real living beauty but once in a lifetime. At least, upon but one head.

She was a dear, wilful little darling, growing vexed at everything which chanced to cross her, and flying out of temper at every word not pleasing to her ladyship, but sorry for her naughty temper the next moment, and ready to be forgiven. No person could be vexed with her. She was charming even in her petulant moods. In form she was scarcely yet developed, but promised to be extremely graceful.

Her eyes were sparkling with a purple blue shade this morning, as she sat in the low rocking chair, scattering the leaves of the apple blossoms over her white apron.

Father Mellen idolized this child, and loved her more than all the others. He entered the low kitchen this morning with the bright cheeks and wide brimmed hat, proclaiming him the farmer that he was.

"What's the matter pet? Who has been plaguing Goldie?" he asked, stopping to pat her showering, curling, golden hair.

"Matter enough, I should think!" she exclaimed, pulling vigorously at the leaves of the branch from the apple tree.

"What have they said to my Goldie?"

"It's Belle and May! They have coaxed mother to say I can't go over to the old house with the party who are going for a ride this afternoon! Belle is afraid there will be somebody there to take the shine off her! The great vain thing!" exclaimed the irritated Goldie, in answer to her father's question.

"What's the reason Goldie can't go mother?" he asked.

"I haven't said she *could not go*. I merely told her it would be better for her to stay at home, as the other girls were both going. I shall need somebody here to help me about getting the supper. You know who is coming tonight!" answered the farmer's wife, a glorious smile of mother-love lighting up her face.

"Yes, I know Christopher is coming home from college, but he'll stop at the old house where the young folks are going to have their frolic. He'll come home with our gals, and it won't hurt him in the least to wait for supper if it is not ready. Of course he'll stop at the old house!" continued the farmer.

"Of course he will!" blazed Goldie; "and it is because Frank Whitney and Ned Cameron are coming with him, that Belle and May are determined to keep me at home! I'll flirt with your beaux, young ladies; see if I don't!"

"Hush! hush! you are getting excited, pet," remonstrated the father.

"Let her scold; she'll be down on her knees in ten minutes!" exclaimed Belle, spitefully.

"Oh, Belle!" said May; "you forget dear little Goldie is only a child!"

"Yes, only a child! You were as fast for me to stay at home as Belle was! You'll both get your pay for this! *Only a child!*" retorted the angry little Goldie.

"Come, come, girls! Don't get to quarrelling!" laughed Mrs. Mellen, looking up at the top of the oven to see if the bricks were of a white heat.

"They shan't tease Goldie, anyhow," said the farmer. "If anybody goes to the party, you shall go, sis."

Goldie's blue eyes flashed triumphantly; she knew her father's will to be law in that house.

"We didn't say much about her going," explained Belle.

"We were thinking of mother," said May; "there is a great deal to be done to-day. Saturday afternoon, and company coming."

Belle lifted her dark eyes scornfully, exclaiming half audibly:—

"Precious little she will do of the housework!"

"I don't care for what you say, so there; I'll not go to the old house one step, but when you come home with Christy and your beaux—well, no matter—they will all stay four weeks. I'll show you what *the child* can do."

CHAPTER II.

Farmer Mellen owned, in addition to the homestead, an old place that had once been a large farm. The old house had fallen into disrepute, being called "haunted" by the credulous, some having affirmed to having seen lights flashing through the windows at midnight, although the house had not been inhabited for years. Others had heard strange sounds proceeding from its gloomy old walls—sounds like human voices in mortal agony, and sometimes blows and the sound of supplication.

Therefore no person cared to live there, and Mr. Mellen had purchased the place for half its real value.

This old house was covered inside with dust and cobwebs, but the young people, with Belle Mellen at their head, had formed the wild plan of holding a frolic in its empty rooms.

A few of them had been there, and swept the lower floors and walls, and decorated the old beams and corner posts with wreathed evergreen.

The broad, old-fashioned kitchen had been chosen for the dancing hall, and the long table, formed of pine boards, rested upon the barrels brought down from the attic, was to be loaded with pastry and fruit for the enjoyment of the young folks.

It was in this frolic that Goldie was so anxious to go, and would have gone had not Belle and May suggested the idea of her staying at home to assist Mrs. Mellen about getting tea ready for the expected brother and his two aristocratic young friends from college.

Now, she was determined not to go; and at two o'clock in the afternoon the long hay wagon was drawn from the wagon house adjoining the barn, and old Tom, the steady, slow going horse, harnessed to it.

A jolly young farmer, one of the neighbors' sons, was ready to drive, and at a quarter past two they set off, twelve as frolicsome young folks as could well be found in as many miles.

Other wagons deposited their loads at the old house, until a large company had assembled. They had not thought of remaining after dark, but Christopher Mellen and his chum, Frank Whitney, did not arrive until near the time set for breaking up the frolic and returning home.

Christopher declared that he would allow nothing of the kind.

"We have not had a taste of the sun!" he said, swinging Belle upon the floor to the music of the old-fashioned fiddle, and going through a schottisch. "We propose to adjourn to the west room where the table awaits us, and enjoy the bountiful collation spread there, and after-ward trip it on the light fantastic, &c., for at least three or four hours. I wouldn't mind dancing till daybreak. Minnie Howland, allow me the exquisite felicity of escorting you in to take something to eat!"

Minnie Howland had been engaged to Christopher Mellen nearly a year, and was only waiting for him to choose his profession and become settled in it, to become his wife.

She was accustomed to his wild manners, and accepted the offered arm, and they led the way to the supper table.

Belle Mellen and Frank Whitney followed, May and Ned Cameron coming next, and the others following in order.

For the first time in many years the old house echoed to the joyful voices of youth.

"I wonder how long it has been since a gay party gathered here last?" cried May Mellen, after listening to the fun in silence for a few moments.

"Not since Noah left a few of his ark-born sardines here," answered Christopher, gaily.

"It is no subject for a jest, Christy! Perhaps the people of a century ago held a merry-making here more boisterous than ours."

"If they could have done it in any better style than this, we ought to give them three cheers!" replied Christy, determined not to allow any one to moralize while the frolic lasted.

The young man who had been sent to the Home Farm for canales had now returned, and the rooms were brilliantly illuminated. The company arose from the rustic bench and returned to the kitchen and keeping-room, when the dancing commenced.

The reckless young pleasure seekers enjoyed the dancing until midnight, when some of the young ladies proposed returning.

"We should have been treated to a glimpse of the ghost, girls," cried Christopher, as a signal for the young ladies to scream and cling to their partners.

"Let us give three cheers for the ghost!" cried one reckless youth.

Others responded, and a deafening cheer arose to the rafters.

Was it the echo of gay voices that caused the heavy rumbling sound in the rooms over those in which they stood?

The most daring were silent now, for a rushing, roaring noise, followed by a sound like the rattling of bones in a coffin, fell upon their ears.

At the same moment a whizzing noise in the wide stone chimney arrested their attention, and a horrible object came slowly in sight. It was something like a man's head in shape, with eyes and mouth of fiery appearance, while from its nostrils a bluish flame streamed forth. Two rows of even, saw-like teeth, gleamed ghastly in the sulphur scented light behind them.

The air was filled with a sulphurous smell and the fearful object disappeared up the chimney.

"I shouldn't have thought you would have dared to say that!" exclaimed Belle Mellen, pale and frightened, yet indignant withal.

The girls all clung trembling to their lovers, and another remarked:—

"Yo! have summoned the ghosts, now it remains for you to get rid of them!"

As if in answer to her words, the horrible object again made its appearance, and nearly all the young people rushed from the room. The horses were put into the wagons, and within ten minutes after the appearance of the terrible object, the entire party were hastening away from the old house in the wood, leaving all the baskets and other articles used about the table behind them.

* * * * * * *

Farmer Mellen and his wife were sitting by the comfortable wood fire, awaiting the return of the young people, when old Tom dashed into the yard quite ahead of his usual speed.

The door was suddenly thrown open, and Belle dashed into the kitchen where her father stood, exclaiming:—

"If ever I was glad to see the inside of this house it is now!"

"What's the matter?" asked the father.

May followed Belle into the kitchen.

"Matter enough!" she said; "we've had a fearful time!"

"Where is Tim?" asked Christopher, entering the kitchen, followed by his classmates, Frank Whitney and Ned Cameron.

Tim was the chore boy, and always attended to the horses when they came in late.

"Haven't you seen Tim? He went over to the old house with the carriage horse and the light wagon! Goldie changed her mind about an hour ago, and she coaxed father to let Tim have the horse and wagon to carry her over. Haven't you seen them?" asked Mrs. Mellen, speaking rapidly.

"No—no! What if poor little Goldie should see it?" gasped May.

"What's the trouble over there?" asked the farmer.

"Oh, a terrible affair," answered Belle, who had recovered her voice. "Some one called the ghost, and a fearful object, all fire and brimstone, with big eyes and a mouth of flame, came down the chimney, and something roared and rattled overhead. I never believed until now that the old house was haunted.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old farmer.

Mrs. Mellen was listening to the sound of wheels driving into the yard.

"There they be!" cried Mr. Mellen, going towards the door with the lantern.

He was met at the door by Goldie, who fell upon his breast, and clinging to his arm, hid her face upon it.

"She has seen it?" gasped May. "Did you see it, Goldie?"

Goldie was speechless.

* * * * * * *

"You are my own dear sister, Goldie," said Christopher, coming over to where she stood and stooping to kiss her. Suddenly remembering his classmates, he led Goldie forward and said:—"This is my little sister, Goldie; she is a naughty little rogue, but you must remember that she is only a child. Goldie, this gentleman is Mr. Frank Whitney, and this is Mr. Ned Cameron."

Goldie gave her white little hand to each in turn, and though, Christy thought would not have introduced Belle or May in this way; but they shall learn that I am more than a *child*!"

The striking "one" of the old clock that had stood forty years in the farmer's kitchen reminded them that the revel had been prolonged into the hours of Holy Sabbath time, and Mrs. Mellen exclaimed:—

"Christy, girls! Did you know that it was the Sabbath day?"

They all arose to retire.

"Frank and Ned will sleep together in the square chamber, Christy," remarked the mother, as she gave her son the candle designed for the use of the guests.

Christy took the candle and another for himself, and the three young men bade the family "Good night," and retired.

CHAPTER III.

The following morning dawned bright and clear. It was the Sabbath.

In the afternoon the young people went to church, riding altogether in the family wagon.

They were in merry party and gaily enjoyed the ride home, although Frank Whitney seemed to be more interested in the fresh young sister of his betrothed bride than the betrothed bride, with all her proud beauty.

The long Sabbath day at length drew to a close, and in the twilight the young people, joined by others, rambled to the top of the Maple Hills, according to a custom of many years standing.

A delightful walk home in the moonlight finished the day; and when the hour for retiring came, Goldie Mellen laid her bright head upon her snowy pillow, to dream of a handsome dark face, with glorious black eyes, that had looked into her heart.

The weeks flew by on golden wings.

Ned Cameron was more than ever devoted to his gentle May, and had no thought for any other, although he treated all with respect.

But Frank Whitney was in a state of indecision and unrest.

In company with Belle, one twilight, by the little bridge over the falls, he said:—

"Why do you seem so careless and cold, Belle? It was not so last summer, when—" he lowered his voice to a tender tone, "when I won your promise to be my bride!"

She turned a scornful look upon him and replied:—

"Goldie was not here last summer. Had she been here, it would not have been I that would have listened to your vows!"

A guilty flush mounted to his brow, but he laughingly answered:—

"Why, you are jealous of that child!"

"She is not a child, Frank! Although but little more than a child in stature or in years, she has rapidly developed her heart since you came here; you know you love her, and you know it is no child's heart that responds to that love; she will please you for a while, but you will tire of her pretty, coaxing ways and baby face after a little time, and then you will punish her for making her life desolate! I am willing that her punishment should come through you. It will be more bitter, more perfect. You have won her, now keep what you have won!"

A scornful laugh followed her words, and, before Frank was aware of her intentions, she turned away from him and walked toward the house.

His first impulse was to follow her and make up their quarrel, and he would have done so had not a white robed form bounded down the hill to meet him, and two warm little hands nestled in his own, while Goldie asked:—

"What do you wish to tell me, Frank? I met Belle out here and she said I must hasten to you for you had something to tell me. What is it?"

Frank Whitney always acted on the impulse of the moment.

So he folded her close to his heart and, pressing love's kisses upon her sweet face, whispered:—

"It is this. I love you more than all of earth besides; will you consent to become my little wife?"

Goldie's blue eyes gazed into his own, big with wonderment. She asked:—

"Are you not promised to Belle?"

"Belle has broken our engagement. She bade me win you!" he replied.

"Oh, Frank! how good Belle is! If she does really and truly give you up, you know how happy I should be, and how proud to be your wife."

They remained silent for a few minutes, then Goldie spoke:—

"I was thinking, Frank, if Belle could give you up willingly. You didn't say anything to vex her or make her cross, did you?"

"What an absurd idea, little girl!" he replied, laughing in his old merry way.

Goldie drew a deep breath and murmured:—

"Poor Belle! I pity her, for to all the world there can be nothing so terrible as giving up your love to another. You will never part me away?"

"Never, love!" he answered, drawing her tenderly to his bosom. "Never, love!"

And all this time Belle was walking under the apple trees in the orchard back of the house, with clasped hands and white lips.

She met them upon their return with a cold, calm smile, and when Goldie asked "Do you give him up freely?" she only put away her clinging arms from about her neck and answered, carelessly:—

"Yes. I am tired of him."

"Tired of Frank! The noblest, the best—"

"There, there!" answered Belle. "He is as noble and as good as the rest of his kind, no better!" and swept away from them.

The family knew that Frank had exchanged Belle for Goldie, although Belle deceived them all with her assumed gaiety and careless manner.

"He was never suited to me and Goldie loved him, so I gave him to her," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

Christy Mellen and Ned Cameron were going back to college, and Frank Whitney was going abroad. A letter from his uncle, Major Grant, who was traveling in Europe, had been received, and he had been advised to suspend his education here and finish it, after a year of travel, at a German university.

Frank hailed the change with joy, although reluctant to parting with Goldie, whom he loved passionately.

However, he had decided, and left her with many promises of a future return.

Goldie wept herself sick, and for several days after his departure did not leave her room.

Finally Goldie mingled with the family again, but, oh, so changed!

What could have caused the change?

Listen to Belle Mellen's words as she sat in Goldie's room one evening, early in November. Goldie was sitting in the little low chair by the window, gazing out upon the moonlighted fields. The snow had been falling all day, with its soft, hushing presence.

Suddenly the quick, jingling sound of sleigh bells fell upon the ears of the inmates of the farm house.

Belle, who had entered the room but a few moments before, glanced inquiringly at her pale-faced sister, who remarked:

"It is only Tim going to the post-office!"

"Who sent him to the post-office to-night?" demanded Belle.

"I asked him to go, Belle. It is the first of the month, you know," responded Goldie.

There was a mournful accent in her once happy, ringing voice, which did not escape the notice of the proud, handsome Belle, whose heart, nevertheless, failed to thrill with a thought of pity or tenderness. She only closed her lips firmly, and whispered under her breath:—

"Her punishment has begun. Let her suffer!"

"What were you saying, Belle? I did not hear."

"I say that you are a fool for your pains, when you send to the post office upon such a night as this for a letter from Frank Whitney!"

"He wrote to me last month, you know, Belle."

"But he will never write again. He will not remember you long!"

"Oh, please, Belle, do not say such cruel things! Frank will not forget me! When he gets my last letter he must come home at once!" murmured the poor child.

"Why should he come home when he receives your letter? I thought he was not coming home for three years!" answered

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

MY CIGAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY OWEN MELVILLE WILSON, JR.

Upward curls the smoke ascending
From my cr'aing's mild cigar,
While with dreamy eyes I'm peering
Deep into the future far;
Fancy waves her sceptre o'er me,
Radiant scenes are rising fast,
Fairy visions throng around me
Of the presentand the past.

In the wreaths of smoke ascending
I'm que I a well-loved face,
Which from off the wall of memory
Fleeting years can ne'er erase;
'Tis a face of wonderous beauty,
Framed in golden tresses rare,
Falling in their rich profusion
O'er the snowy shoulders fair.

Eyes as blue as yon calm ether,
Beaming with a soft love light,
Cheeks like two twin-blushing roses,
Form a radiant picture bright.
But 'tis fading, slowly fading
In the dreamy distance far,
And my air built castles vanish
In the smoke of my cigar.

CHICAGO, 1871.

A LASS IN MALE ATTIRE.

HER ADVENTURES WHILE ASSUMING THE MASCULINE GENDER.

Two years ago there lived in the suburbs of Peoria, Ill., a family named Robinson, consisting of husband, wife, one son and several daughters. The son and all but one of the daughters were married. The youngest daughter, Irene, a pretty girl of 17, was sought by John Stiger, a schoolmaster in Peoria. Stiger's suit was favored by the old folks, who wished to compel Irene to marry him. Irene's dislike of the man was undisguised. He was 42 years of age, tall, shambling and uncouth. Notwithstanding, a day was named for the marriage.

One night in November, 1869, the wedding day being near at hand, Irene dressed herself in her brother's clothes and, at 2 o'clock in the morning, stole down stairs, unbarred the door and fled from her home. She took a train for Chicago, and there sought employment from a lumber dealer as a driver. The man was loth to give her work. He looked at her white face and delicate hands and bade her she would do for him.

"How do you keep your hands so white?" asked the lumberman.

"Oh, I've been working for a tailor," was the response.

The man was otherwise favorably impressed with young William Frank (that was the name the girl took), and finally hired him. William drove a team, handled lumber, and did a man's work, though, as she said:—

"It was mighty tough for a while. I used to get splinters in my hands and have lots of trouble, but I finally got used to it."

William worked for the lumberman about two weeks, and then went to driving a cart for a contractor who was filling up the street. Her soft hands were growing brown and hard and excited considerable attention, better, but after a stay of three weeks with the sand contractor her sex was suspected and she went to work in the suburbs making fence posts. Here her sex was again discovered, and one night she quietly made off for Toledo, her fare set forth money she had earned from her labor. In Toledo she worked for one dawes, building a board fence. She received $1.25 a day and stayed two months, then her sex was suspected by one of her fellow workmen and she was again obliged to move on. This time she reached Sandusky, where she drove a team for one Botfield, who was filling up roads. She had been one month quietly at work, when a girl who boarded in the same house suspected that young William Frank was not what his name implied. She quietly crept away and made for a new country. This time she stopped in Buffalo. Here, for two months, she drove a two-horse team for Mr. Eyler, hauling wood. He paid her $1.25 a day, from which she saved money. She did her work satisfactorily and everything on going on pleasantly when, as usual, a woman made the old discovery. As usual, the woman told her husband. William began to be the object of unpleasant attention and again moved on; this time to Rochester, where she worked in Mr. Brewer's livery stable. She took to the horses, and things went agreeably for three months; but she was again discovered by a woman. "These women," said Irene to the *Sun* reporter, "are quicker'n lightning, and all there was to do was to go. I used to keep away from them all I could. I would get up meals and get out of the house as soon as I could, but it was no use, they would see through it. And then the women would tell their husbands, the husbands would tell others, and whenever folks began to look at me sharp I used to quietly get away and go somewhere else."

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"William!"

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Yesterday Justice Shandley committed the girl to the care of the Commissioners of Public Charities and Correction.—*N. Y. Sun, Sept. 19th.*

A MODEL LOVE LETTER.

The following epistle was written by an Onondagna lover to the "object of his affection," a widow lady, the mother of three children. After his passion had cooled and he failed to "come to time," the lady sued him for breach of promise of marriage, and recovered $500 as a healing balm for her lacerated heart, the letter being part of the evidence produced on the trial:—

MY DEAR MARY:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young goats on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow linen trowsers. As a goslin swimmeth in the middle of water, in a sea of glory, I swim in unutterable rapture thicker than the hairs of a blacking brush, and brighter than the eyes of a humming bird's pinions, visit me in my slumbers, and, borne on their invisible wings, your image sands before me, and I reach out to hug it, but always wake up disappointed instead. When I first beheld your angelic perfections I was bewildered and my brain whirled round like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar doors in a country town, and I lifted up my voice and cried aloud for you to come to me. My mouth refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch.

Since the light of your face fell upon my life I some times feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot straps to the top of the church steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch, and the lily and the pink pipe his morning lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakening pulse arises from his bed and gratefully goeth forth to the morning refreshment; when the throwy spoke wheels to droning flails in sultry noontide; and when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee; and like a piece of gum elastic, my heart seems stretched out over every thing. Your hair is the main rope of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; and the brass pins skewered through your waterfall fill me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. Your mouth is a gash between two pieces of raw liver, being like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy, as a load of bird shot through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian, and when I gaze upon your mouth it is like unto a honey Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw; and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue birds out of their parents' nest. Your laugh rings in my ears like wind harps in the trees, or like a brook in a stony bottom on the bleak hillside. The dimples on your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-made sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, but I cannot. My pecuniary affairs put me away. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold beards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand hobgoblins, haunt me by night, and my mortal is pierced with doubts, like an old cheese is bored with skippers.

My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffey's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As a song bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a mean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee.

You are dearer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a Yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than a topknot plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are sweetened toddy altogether.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion I will pine away like a poisoned bed bug, and wilsey, like a withering nine of life, an untimely branch; and in coming years, when the shadows grow from the east and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and catch a cold upon the last resting place of your affectionately, H.

Verdict for plaintiff and $500 damages.

SOCIAL EVIL AT THE CAPITAL.

In our previous issue, under the above heading, we gave a brief account of the intended suppression of the social evil in Washington, D. C. *The Star*, of that city, in its issue of Sept. 11th, says:—

The work planned in the conference held on Friday last between Major Richards, of the police, and District-Attorney Fisher, began in earnest on Saturday night last, when Lieutenant Charles H. Skippon, of the First Precinct, in person, notified the keepers of the brothels in the locality known as "The Division," that they must move by Wednesday or Thursday of this week at the latest, otherwise the proprietors, or reputed proprietors, will be indicted or if found guilty, fined in the Criminal Court. Lieutenant Skippon and his associate officers of the precinct are determined in their efforts to make this class of our community migrate from the section now occupied by them. It is proposed to break up every thing on going on pleasantly when, as usual, a woman made the old discovery. As usual, the woman told her husband. Willihm began to be the object of unpleasant attention and again moved on; this time to Rochester, where she worked in Mr. Brewer's livery stable. She took to the horses, and things went agreeably for three months; but she was again discovered by a woman. "These women," said Irene to the *Sun* reporter, 'are quicker'n lightning, and all there was to do was to go. I used to keep away from them all I could. I would get up meals and get out of the house as soon as I could, but it was no use, they would see through it. And then the women would tell their husbands, the husbands would tell others, and whenever folks began to look at me sharp I used to quietly get away and go somewhere else."

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CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BONES GOES INTO THE WHITEWASHING BUSINESS.

INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, gentlemen, are we all dissembled?

BONES.—Yes, schoed'n in; let's go on wid de exercises. By de way, boss, did you ebber hear how I got exercised when I first went into de practice of de fine arts?

INT.—I was not aware that you had been an artist. Pray, what did you paint?

BONES.—O, great many things; houses, animals, de human figger. And dat reminds me how I got into de whitewashin' business along wid Clem' Johnson, down in Steinbone alley. You know I was always fond of de brush, so one day, as I was rumpin' along de street, I ran against old Deacon Simmons, and says he, "Bonesey," says he, "I hear you's somethin' of a paint slinger. S'pose you was to come over and do somethin' in dat line for me." What do you want me to paint?" says I. "O, good many things," said he; house, furniture, dogs, chillren—ebrything. I's gota' out of town for a few days, and when I comes back I 'spect to find de work finished and you shill git paid for de job." I kinder tought de deacon want to make on me, but I didn't say nothing, and next day I brought round a load of color and put down de kegs, and at it I went. Fust I paint de house a bright blue, to be like de sky, and striped it all over wid red and yaller stripes, till it looked like a busted rainbow had been emptied ober it. Den I paint de trunks ob de trees a lively black, by way of contrast, and I'd a paint de leaves, too, if dey hadn't been so many of dem. Next, I track de front palings, and give dem a coat of red and white like de barber's fixins. Den I catch de house dog, and lordee! you oughter seen him! His head look like a pumkin wid a hole cut in it, all yaller ochre; and de body was bright gambrooge, and de legs was vermillion, and de tail it was bright red. O! such a tail! it look like a streak o' orked lightnin' drir in up to de handle and de handle cut off. Den I got hold of de chillums and gib dem de glory, and de pigs and de chickens, and last I went for de ole housekeeper, and a nice chase she gave me cross lots an' roun' de house. Golly! her head look like a ripe tomato wid de vermillion. I finished off wid de Dutch grocer, for I'd got my hand in by dat time and he was a purty nice man. And just den, as I was lookin' round for somethin' more to paint, ole deacon he come back, and I grabbed him and sousred de white lead over him, so slush! till he looked like he'd just crawled out ob a pot ob milk. Just den, he did. "Well, what's all dis you bin doin'?" splutered de deacon. "Doin'?" said I; "why, you told me to paint your prem'ses, did'nt you?" and I made a grader guess I did 'em, bossy!" "Paint!" said he, in a furious passion, "I wanted a picture made of my house, you booby!" "Well," said I, "ain't I made a picture of it? Go way! what!" Wid dat, says he, "Your talents too much to be 'preciated in dese parts; you'd better go into de whitewashin' bis'ness." I took his advice and dey supplied all my pots over me and discorted me to de gate, and — well, I went into de whitewashin' bis'ness after dat, but I found even dat was too expensive, and so I took to de burnt cork, and I've been at dat ebber since; and I'm sure I can tell you, if you don't believe me, ask Triangles dere; he can tell you.

INT.—You had a rough time of it, Mr. Bones, and as far as the housekeeper was concerned, you might truly have sung, "She's all my fancy painted her." I suppose you have a wife and now ballad:—

COME OUT, MY LOVE, AND RIDE.

BY G. FRED. REED.

The moon is rising o'er the hill,
The world is hushed to rest,
The shimmering moon beams on the lake
Sing to the mountain's crest;
A tiny boat swims near at hand—
Awaits my fairy bride—
Its sails are spread to catch the breeze,
Come out, my love, and ride.
Chorus—A tiny boat swims near at hand, etc.

The zephyrs play upon the lake,
The ripiets kiss the shore,
And o'er the scene a fairy spell
Seems laid forever more;
The wild birds cease their song about,
And in the shadows hide,
'Tis midnight's hour, all nature sleeps,
Come out, my love, and ride.
Chorus—A tiny boat swims near at hand, etc.

A BILL OF THE PLAY OF THE COMEDIAN BARNES' TIME.

WALNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.
MR. BARNES' LAST NIGHT OF ENGAGEMENT.
FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 23D, 1821,
will be presented the celebrated comedy of
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.
Written by Dr. Goldsmith.

Tony Lumpkin	Mr. Barnes	Country Fellows	Messrs. Martin, Carter, Parker, &c
Sir Chas. Marlow	Mr. Hathwell	Young Marlow	Mr. Francis
Hardcastle	Mr. Warren	Miss Hardcastle	Mrs. Wood
Hastings	Mr. Darley	Miss Neville	Mrs. Jefferson
Digory	Mr. C. Durang	Maid	Mrs. Carter
Landlord	Mr. Jefferson		

After the Play, A PAS DE DEUX, by MISSES C. & F. DURANG, and a PAS SEUL by MISS H. HATHWELL.
After which (by particular desire) the Comic Opera of
THE TURNPIKE GATE.

Crack	Mr. Barnes	Old Maythorn	Mr. Hathwell
Squire Dashaway	Mr. C. Durang	Groom	Mr. Parker
Joe Stendfast	Mr. Jefferson	Sailor	Mr. Murray
Peggy Bunt	Mrs. Darley	Peggy	Mrs. Sergeant
Smart	Mr. Schriviner	Mary	Mrs. Lefolle
Robt. Maythorn	Mr. J. Jefferson	Landlady	Mrs. Simpson

THERE WILL BE NO PERFORMANCE ON SATURDAY.

Places in the Boxes may be taken of Mr. Johnston, at the Box Office from 10 till 2, and on days of performance from 10 till 4 o'clock. Smoking segars is absolutely prohibited in the theatre.

Doors to be opened at 6 o'clock, the performance will be opened at 6 o'clock, and the curtain will rise at 7 precisely.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF MOSCOW.

A correspondent in Taunton, Mass., while looking over some papers belonging to a deceased hotel keeper of that place, found the following paper:—

On Friday, December 16th, 1839, there came to Taunton and stopped at my house for one week, a most splendid exhibition called the Conflagration of Moscow, which will exhibit at Armory Hall for one week only. This is the first diorama that ever visited Taunton. The manager of the exhibition belongs in Boston; his name is William Harrington, Jr., and says that he is a brother of Harrington, the well-known English comedian. After the above exhibition Mr. C. D. Jenkins, the great vocalist and delineator of men and manners; he is the most comical g-mius that I ever saw; he keeps the audience in a roar a laughter during the whole performance. Jenkins belongs in Philadelphia. This exhibition draws at the greatest houses of any exhibition which ever performed here.

Sign ed, D. KINGMAN.

A FALSE FEMININE.—The latest bit of scandal from Saratoga, the fashionable watering place, involves the character of the wife of a leading turfman, who, it is said, has a large stable of horses at the Springs, and a young man who has been sporting it in Saratoga during the past summer. She is young, pretty and vivacious; he gay and handsome, and in New York, where he resides, is known as one of those "Broadway statues" whose only mission seems to be to lure unsuspecting victims to destruction. They met one morning at the breakfast table, a look, a frisk of the handkerchief, an acquaintanceship formed, and in a little while a fallen woman and a dishonored husband. The gossips talked and their words reached the ears of the wronged husband. He is a cool, determined, resolute man. He went straight to the "swell," charged him with his crime and demanded a confession. The young man denied his guilt. "Tell me all," said the other, "or I will kill you on the spot." The guilty wretch saw in his look the determination of a man who means what he said, and to save his worthless life he told the story of the crime which had undone the husband. The wife was next interviewed; she denied, protested, begged, entreated, but confessed at last. A sawyer was sent for and properly, which had been presented to her by the husband, was deeded back to him. They parted forever. The next step was an action for divorce, which is now pending before a referee in the village. It may be mentioned that one of the sad features of the case is the previous history of the husband and the effect this blight may have upon his life. Previous to marriage he was a dissipated, hardened wretch. Marriage reformed him; thoughts of his wife made him a prudent, careful, temperate man, though, perhaps, a too indulgent, petting husband. He is said to be utterly overwhelmed with grief, and his friends fear that the disgrace of his wife may drive him back to his former intemperate course of life.

A "PET" STORY.—"True love's course did ne'er run smooth" has just been proved by a Jersey "pet." In the village of Westfield, noted some years ago as the scene of a bold bank robbery, lives one Hamp Ii. Clark, a handsome young man of twenty-five; he lived there a pretty girl named Millie Pierson, better known among the rural gallants as "Pet" Pierson. She was a "pet," not "of the petticoats," but of the breeches, and hence her *soubriquet*. Between her and Clark there sprang up a very strong regard. This was about eighteen months ago, and culminated in an engagement. A couple of weeks ago Clark left Westfield to visit Cranford. On returning, after a brief absence, he was decidedly startled on learning that "Pet" had jilted him, during his absence, after a very rapid courtship, the perfidious "Pet" had married a youth named Webb, to whom, it is stated, she had been engaged only half an hour before their marriage in Elizabeth. On learning the news, Clark stationed himself at the Westfield railway depot, awaiting the arrival of the newly married couple. When he again met Mrs. Webb he asked for an explanation and was rudely treated in return. This new affront grated on the very core, and then and there his actions became uncontrollable. He purchased a quantity of laudanum, but took an overdose. It only made him feel bad, and he set matters to rights again by taking a good horn of whiskey. By this time Clark saw the folly of his ungodly design, and he denies having taken any Paris green or used any pistol. Clark acknowledges having acted like a silly boy, and he will never do it again. The affair is the occasion of widespread gossip in the vicinity of Westfield and Elizabeth.

POLYGAMY TO BE EXTINGUISHED IN UTAH.—A telegram from Salt Lake, dated Sept. 19th, says that the grand jury for the Third District were impanelled this morning. All polygamists were excused, and the Mormon journals are very bitter on the United States law officers in consequence. Chief Justice McKean, in his charge to the jury, said:—

You are summoned not to try criminal cases, but to say what criminal cases shall be presented for trial. In the discharge of this duty you will be governed by the same principles of law which govern in the States of the Union, and in the Territories of Arizona; principles of law everywhere applicable throughout the republic. The crimes of murder, arson, larceny, bigamy, adultery and riot in Utah, are the same crimes as elsewhere throughout Christendom. If there is anything peculiar in the condition in Utah, it is the peculiar conduct of some men here, and not any peculiar principles or policy that are to be enforced here. Utah belongs to the United States, and the people of Utah, like the people of the rest of the country, are amenable to the laws of the United States. Those who obey the laws must be, shall be protected in their rights. Those who do not must answer at the bar of justice, and those men of influence who in practice defiantly trample upon the laws themselves, and by precept teach others to do so, should be the first to feel the firm grip of the law, rather than the obscure men whom they have misled. Gentlemen, it is your duty and mine to enforce the laws. Let us do so without fear, favor, affection, prejudice, or the hope of reward.

THE JACKSON HAINES FAMILY—THE SKATER'S WIFE IN TROUBLE.—Eight years ago Jackson H. Haines, the "great American skater," left his wife and three children in New York in destitution, and went to Europe, where he has since remained. The mother gave the three children—two boys and a girl—into the custody of Alexander F. Haines, their grandfather, who was then living in New York, but who has since removed to Lansingburgh, while she went to work in a cotton mill at the latter place. Not only supported herself, but was able to place herself beyond the need of want. In the summer of 1870 one of the boys was drowned in the river at Lansingburgh, and a few months since the other boy lost his life in the same manner. The mother now desired to regain the custody of the remaining child, and applied to the grandfather for its restoration. He refused, and Mrs. Haines was compelled to resort to the courts to recover it. Her counsel, Banker, Rising & Boies, sued out a writ of *habeas corpus*, and the matter was argued before Judge Ingalls yesterday by Mr. Rising, for the mother, and Mr. Lansing for Mr. Haines. This morning Judge Ingalls announced his decision and awarded the child to the custody of the mother.—*Troy, N. Y., Times, Sept. 15th.*

FIGHTING FOR A BELLE'S PICTURE.—Patrick Campbell and Augustus Coates spent the greater part of Sunday, the 17th inst., in a saloon in New Brooklyn. They drank heavily, and towards evening became quarrelsome. Coates displayed a picture of a beautiful belle, to whom he was paying ardent attentions. Campbell tried to take the picture from him, saying that he was better entitled to it than any man in Brooklyn. In the fight which ensued Coates was badly beaten, but he still clung to the picture. This enraged Campbell, and he threatened to kill every one in the saloon. Gunther told him to clear out, and in reply Campbell knocked him down with his fist, and seizing a chair, broke it over the head of Mr. Frey, an inoffensive German. He then fell upon Coates, and

Thomas, Robinson having nothing to do. Leonard also did well at short. On the Pastime side Mincher made some of his splendid catches, one in particular being magnificent. Buck, too, fielded finely. The score:—

Olympic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Pastime.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Hurley, 1st b	1	1	7	0	Williams, r f	3	2	1	0
Leonard, s s	2	1	3	3	Matthews, p	3	3	1	2
Waterman, 2d b	1	1	2	3	Carey, 2d b	3	2	2	3
Brainard, p	0	0	1	5	Hall, s s	3	3	4	2
"Bertie," c f	1	2	2	0	Lennon, c	1	1	7	0
Allison, c	0	0	7	1	Mincher, 1 f	2	2	1	0
Sweasey, 2d b	0	0	4	2	Barrett, 3d b	3	1	2	4
Thomas, 1f	0	0	0	0	Buck, c f	1	2	3	0
Robinson, r f	0	0	0	0	Foran, 1st b	0	0	12	0
Totals	6	9	27	5	Totals	20	20	27	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Runs Scored.									
Olympic	3	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—6
Pastime	4	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—5
Runs Earned.									
Olympic	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Pastime	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Umpire—John G. Graham, Olympic B. B. C. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes.

THE MUTUAL VICTORIES.

MUTUAL vs. PASTIME.

On Tuesday, Sept. 19th, the Pastimes faced the Mutuals, of New York, with Mr. Graham as umpire, play commencing at 3.35, with the Mutuals at the bat. Both sides retired with a blank in the second innings, the Mutuals scoring four unearned runs, and the Pastimes two, earned. In the third innings both sides scored one run, unearned. In the fourth the Mutes were whitewashed, while the Pastimes scored two, earning one, and tieing the game, the score standing 5 to 5. The Mutuals then scored four runs in the fifth, through errors, Mincher putting the whole side out. The Pastimes in their time to the close were whitewashed, with the exception of one run scored in the seventh innings, the Mutuals, through errors, scoring 8 more and winning the game. The Mutuals played a splendid fielding game. The score:—

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Pastime.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Hatfield, 2d b	0	1	1	1	Williams, r f	1	1	1	0
Patterson, 1 f	0	1	1	0	Mathews, p	0	0	0	0
Start, 1st b	1	0	15	1	Carey, 2d b	0	1	3	7
Wolters, p	0	0	1	0	Hall, s s	0	0	2	4
Eggler, c f	1	3	4	0	Lennon, c	0	1	8	0
Mills, c	1	2	5	0	Mincher, 1 f	1	1	0	0
Ferguson, 3d b	1	2	1	2	Barrett, 3d b	0	0	1	2
Pearce, s s	0	2	1	2	Buck, c f	1	2	1	0
Higham, r f	0	1	2	0	Foran, 1st b	0	0	12	0
Totals	5	12	27	11	Totals	6	8	27	15

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	0	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	0—5
Olympic	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

First base by errors—Mutual, 6 times; Olympic, 0. Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Olympic, 1. Total errors—Mutual, 3; Olympic, 17. Umpire—Mr. Rogers, of the Star Club. Time of game—1 hour and 30 minutes.

The following is the record of the Mutuals with professional clubs up to Sept. 23d:—

1.	May 18, Mutual vs. Haymaker, at Troy	14 to 8
2.	June 3, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	7 to 5
3.	June 5, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	8 to 5
4.	June 14, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	13 to 4
5.	June 17, Mutual vs. Boston, at Boston	9 to 3
6.	June 19, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	10 to 4
7.	June 20, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	8 to 6
8.	June 22, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	12 to 4
9.	June 23, Mutual vs. Kekiongas, at Fort Wayne	12 to 4
10.	July 8, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	23 to 6
11.	July 17, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	16 to 9
12.	July 26, Mutual vs. Kekiongas, at Fort Wayne	12 to 9
13.	July 31, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	21 to 4
14.	Aug. 23, Mutual vs. Boston, at Brooklyn	15 to 11
15.	Sept. 4, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	18 to 7
16.	Sept. 6, Mutual vs. Cleveland, at Brooklyn	11 to 8
17.	Sept. 9, Mutual vs. Pastime, at Baltimore	17 to 7
18.	Sept. 20, Mutual vs. Pastime, at Baltimore	7 to 1
19.	Sept. 21, Mutual vs. Rockford, at Brooklyn	21 to 9
20.	Sept. 23, Mutual vs. Olympic, at Brooklyn	12 to 2
Totals		247 to 107

It will be seen that the Boston nine alone made double figures against the Mutuals in the above game. The best month was in June. They are now pulling up well for September, however.

MUTUAL vs. ECKFORD.

These clubs played the fourth game of their regular series, this season, on Sept. 21st, on the Union grounds, Brooklyn, L. I., the result being an easy victory for the Mutuals by a score of 21 to 9. Thus far the record of their contests together stands as follows:—

July 4, Mutual vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	0 to 7
July 5, Mutual vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	23 to 4
Aug. 19, Mutual vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	5 to 12
Sept. 21, Mutual vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	21 to 9
Totals	47 to 34

The weather on Thursday was quite cool, even for September, and accordingly the attendance was very small, though a close and exciting contest was expected. The game opened with the Mutuals at the bat, and by loose fielding they escaped a whitewashing, and afterwards scored three runs on two base hits, the Eckfords play warranting the extraordinary odds offered on the success of the Mutuals by the purchasers of the pools sold, $250 to $70 being bid. In consequence of this offer the betting was very slim, the majority regarding the game as a put up job, at least that was the phrase applied to it on the ground, and the result proved the soundness of the betting, for the Mutuals had an easy task to win.

The first innings of the Eckfords resulted in their being finely fielded out for a blank. In the second innings the Mutuals scored two runs, but this time they allowed the Eckfords to score four runs. In the third and fourth innings the Mutuals drew blanks, the Eckfords fielding sharply. On the other side, the Mutuals fell off in their fielding and the result was that the close of the fourth innings left the Eckfords in the van by the totals of 7 to 5. This made those who had such large odds on the Mutuals look serious, but it soon came all right again, for in the 5th and 6th innings Martin began to pitch swift balls, which not only bothered Hicks, but enabled the Mutuals to punish his pitching to the tune of 13 first base hits, on which an addition of 12 runs to their score was made, the Eckfords, in the interim, being retired for a single only. This left the game in the hands of the Mutuals, and all further interest in the contest was lost. Martin's *forte* in pitching is his slow tosses. When he attempts to put on speed he loses the advantage of those dropping, curved line balls, and his pitching then ceases to be difficult to punish. He was badly supported in a majority of the innings, Hicks' play behind the bat being far below his usual mark, besides which Allison was not as effective as he usually is, and the second base was again a weak point. In the last three innings of the game the Mutuals added 4 to their score and fielded out the Eckfords for a single in good style, Ferguson and Hatfield fielding finely in their positions, Charley Mills also playing in style behind the bat. No less than 19 players were put out by the Mutual infield, twenty catches being made on the other side. The score:—

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Eckford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Hatfield, 2d b	3	1	1	0	Nelson, 3d b	0	0	3	0
Patterson, 1 f	2	1	1	0	Chapman, c f	0	3	3	0
Start, 1st b	3	3	14	1	Hicks, c	0	1	5	1
Wolters, p	3	3	0	1	Holdsworth, s s	1	1	1	3
Eggler, c f	4	5	0	0	Shelly, 2d b	1	1	3	2
Mills, c	2	3	2	3	Gedney, 1 f	3	3	3	0
Ferguson, 3d b	3	3	5	5	Swandell, r f	1	2	1	1
Pearce, s s	1	2	2	3	Martin, p	0	0	0	3
Higham, r f	2	2	0	0	Allison, 1st b	2	3	4	0
Totals	21	22	27	13	Totals	9	13	27	9

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutuals	3	2	0	3	9	0	1	3	—21
Eckford	1	0	4	0	0	1	0	3	—9

Runs earned—Mutual, 5; Eckford, 1. Total bases earned—Mutual, 29; Eckford, 13. First base on errors—Mutual, 8; Eckford, 8. Total fielding errors—Mutual, 18; Eckford, 30. Umpire—Mort Rogers, Star Base Ball Club. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

Eggler led the score at the bat on the one side, and Chapman on the other. The next game will decide the series.

ROBERT E. LEE vs. SOUTHERN.

A well contested game was played between these prominent southern clubs at the Fair grounds, New Orleans, Sept. 17 h, the "champion nine" winning, as will be seen by the appended score:—

R. E. Lee.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Southern.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Stat	1	3	5	2	Larkin	0	1	0	1
Burt	1	0	0	0	Skelton	0	1	0	1
Levi	1	1	0	3	Chandler	1	0	7	0
Tilson	0	0	5	0	Richardson	1	0	1	0
Bertel	1	0	0	2	Dunn	1	1	7	0
Landon	1	1	1	0	Carse	1	2	1	0
Baxter	0	0	7	0	Camp	0	0	4	3
Emil	2	1	0	0	Brandy	0	0	1	3
Budd	1	1	1	1	Deavry	1	1	0	0
Totals	10	6	19	11	Totals	5	6	21	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
R. E. Lee	2	0	3	0	0	2	0	3	—10
Southern	0	2	0	1	0	0	2	0	—5

Umpire—W. S. Gairin, of the Crescent Club. Time of game—One hour and twenty minutes.

The same day the Washington and Mississippi clubs had a muffin game as the score shows:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Washington	3	2	1	5	7	11	0	4	5—38
Mississippi	1	0	1	3	0	3	1	4	1—14

Umpire—F. McCaffrey. Time of game—2h. 5min.

HAYMAKERS VS. ATLANTIC.—An exhibition game was played in Troy on Sept. 20th between these clubs, with the appended result:—

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Haymakers	0	0	0	3	1	1	1	1	0—7
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Runs earned—Haymakers, 7; Atlantic, 1.

The Atlantic nine was a strong one, and included Nelson, c; Malone, p; Dehlman, Carney and Boyd, on the bases; Jerome Hill, short stop—back again from Baltimore—and Clinton, McDonald and Kenney in the field.

THE RED STOCKING TOUR NORTH.

THEIR VICTORIES IN ATHOL, PORTLAND, BRUNSWICK AND LEWISTON.

The Boston Red Stockings went on an invitation tour "down east," we would call it, but the Reds call it a northern tour, their visit embracing Lewiston, Brunswick and Portland, Maine, and Athol, Mass. Everywhere they were most cordially received as the most gentlemanly exponents of professional ball playing the opposing clubs had ever met with, and the fine exhibition of the beauties of the game made by the Reds on their tour, has done much to advance the game in popularity in all the cities and towns they have visited. They opened play on Sept. 18th, at Athol, Mass., at which place the nine of the Summit Club were their opponents; and here they had a walk over, for they defeated the amateurs by a score of 50 to 1, and that in a dead ball game. The score:—

Boston.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Summit.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s	10	5	8	2	2	Allen, s s	4	0	0	1	5
Barnes, 2d b	9	5	6	3	3	S. Merrill, c f	4	0	0	0	1
Birdsall, c	11	3	4	5	7	Garfield, r f	4	0	2	2	0
McVey, r f	10	8	4	1	0	H. Merrill, 1st b	4	0	2	8	0
Spalding, p	10	6	5	2	9	Goodrich, 1 f	5	0	0	0	0
Gould, 1st b	9	6	5	9	0	L. Merrill, 2d b	4	0	0	2	5
Schafer, 3d b	9	5	5	2	1	Snow, 3d b	3	1	2	1	3
Cone, 1 f	11	5	4	3	1	F. Merrill, p	3	0	0	0	3
H. Wright, c f	10	7	5	1	0	D. Merrill, c	4	0	0	4	2
Totals	89	50	46	27	13	Totals	35	1	6	27	19

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	8	7	5	1	6	16	1	4	2—50
Summit	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0— 1

Umpire—S. W. Sawyer, Gardner Club. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.

On Sept. 19th they visited Portland, Maine, and there played with the Resolute club, of that city, and though the Resolutes fought well for success, they were defeated by a score of 27 to 2, as will be seen by the appended summary:—

Boston.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Resolute.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s	7	2	2	3	0	Wilson, p	5	0	0	0	3
Barnes, 2d b	8	3	3	5	4	Ayers, 3d b	4	1	1	3	2
Birdsall, c	8	1	1	2	1	McKnight, s s	4	0	3	1	2
McVey, r f	7	4	5	0	1	Libby, 1st b	4	0	0	7	0
Spalding, p	6	4	3	0	6	Briggs, 1 f	4	1	0	3	0
Gould, 1st b	6	5	13	1	0	Leavitt, c	4	0	0	4	1
Schafer, 3d b	6	3	1	2	4	W. Knight, 3d b	4	0	1	1	4
Barrows, 1 f	6	3	2	0	0	Winship, c f	4	0	1	2	0
H. Wright, c f	6	3	2	0	0	Gookins, r f	4	0	1	2	2
Totals	61	27	22	27	16	Totals	36	2	8	27	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	2	0	11	2	0	2	8	2	0—27
Resolutes	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1— 2

Umpire—E. Waterhouse. Time of game—2 hours and 30 minutes.

On Sept. 20th, they dropped in on the Lewiston players and had a game with the Androscoggin nine, with the appended result:—

Boston.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Androsc'g'n.	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s	9	3	2	1	2	E. White, 2d b	5	1	2	2	0
Barnes, 2d b	9	3	2	1	4	Wash, 3d b	5	1	1	2	0
Birdsall, c	9	5	2	3	2	Parcher, p	6	0	1	0	5
McVey, c f	9	3	3	2	0	Davenport, s s	4	0	1	1	4
Spalding, p	10	6	7	7	0	Read, c f	6	0	1	1	0
Gould, 1st b	11	6	5	7	0	Morrisser, 1st b	5	1	1	13	1
Schafer, 3d b	8	6	7	0	2	Peanell, 1 f	5	0	1	0	0
Barrows, 1 f	8	6	2	0	0	Stoddard, r f	4	0	1	0	0
H. Wright, c f	8	4	3	0	2	Hamlin, c	4	2	1	3	3
Totals	81	41	39	27	15	Totals	45	7	11	27	17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	4	0	1	6	6	7	5	8	—41
Androscoggin	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	3	0— 7

Umpire—Fred. Cone, of Boston Club. Scorers—Samuel Jackson and F. White. Time of game—1 hours.

The last game of their tour was that with the Bowdoin College nine, at Brunswick, which took place Sept. 23d, the Collegeans keeping down the figures of their opponents to a lower number than any other of the nines the Reds played with, as will be seen by the score:—

Boston.	A.B.	R.	P.O.	A.	Bowdoin Col.	A.B.	R.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s s	7	3	1	5	3	Deering, c f	5	0	1	0	2
Barnes, 2d b	7	1	1	5	3	Crocker, s s	5	0	2	0	3
Birdsall, c	7	2	4	0	1	Perry, 2d b	5	0	3	5	2
McVey, r f	7	2	2	0	0	Brydon, c	5	0	4	2	0
Spalding, p	6	3	3	0	2	Briggs, 1st b	4	0	0	10	0
Gould, 1f	6	4	3	4	0	Hooker, 1 f	4	0	0	3	0
Schafer, 3d b	6	3	1	3	5	Waterhouse, p	4	1	2	0	3
Cone, 1st b	6	3	1	8	0	Clark, 3d b	4	0	1	2	3
H. Wright, c f	6	3	3	0	0	Snow, r f	3	0	2	3	0
Totals	87	24	25	27	14	Totals	38	1	11	27	12

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	9	2	0	3	0	1	0	8	1—24
Bowdoin College	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0— 1

Umpire—Mr. Waterhouse, of Portland. Time of game—1 hour.

The following are the averages of first base hits on the tour, George Wright leading, with McVey second and Gould third:—

Players.	*Games.*	*1st Base Hits.*	*Av.*
Geo. Wright	4	19	4-3
McVey	4	16	4-0
Gould	4	16	4-0
Spalding	4	16	4-0
Cone	2	8	4-0
Schafer	4	14	3-2
Barnes	4	12	3-0
Barrows	2	5	2-1

On Sept. 25th the Boston nine start on their second western tour, playing at Cleveland Sept. 27th and at Chicago on Sept. 29th.

CHAMPION vs. TRENTON.

The first game of the new series between the Champions, of Jersey City, and the Trentons, was played at Trenton, N. J., on Tuesday, Sept. 19th. Lovett's pitching was not so effective as usual, while Willis out-did himself. The Trentons failed to hit him effectively, and, as the score will show, earned but very few bases on him. The fielding of the Champs was fine, Maxwell, Brown and Schanck excelling in that particular. Collins, as catcher, did not allow a ball to pass him, and Clark, at first, took everything thrown to him. The score:—

Champion.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	Trenton.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Schanck, r f	2	3	4	1	0	Howell, s s	1	0	0	0	3
Maxwell, 3d b	0	0	0	2	3	Dumont, 1 f	0	0	0	1	0
Willis, p	3	3	3	1	1	Lovetts, p	0	1	1	0	0
Black, 2d b	2	2	2	2	1	Culp, 3d b	0	0	0	0	0
Wycks, l f	2	2	2	2	0	Fackler, c	0	0	1	6	2
Brown, c f	1	1	1	3	1	Sloven, 1st b	1	2	3	1	1
Collins, c	2	2	1	0	0	Van Horn, c f	0	0	0	4	0
Clark, 1st b	0	0	0	0	0	Albertson, 2d b	0	0	0	4	0
Green, s s	0	0	0	2	5	Gummere, r f	0	0	2	2	0
Totals	11	15	13	17	11	Totals	3	3	7	27	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Trenton	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0— 3
Champion	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—11

Runs earned—Trenton, 0; Champions, 8. Double plays—Green and Clark, and Brown and Black, of the Champs; Albertson, of the Trentons. Umpire—Mr. Guston, of Eureka, of Trenton. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.

MUTUAL VS. HAYMAKER.—Those able secretaries, Messrs. A. V. Davidson and J. W. Schofield, have waved the olive branch over their respective clubs, a treaty of peace has been signed between the recent belligerents, and they are soon to meet on their respective fields again, the Mutuals being anxious to retrieve their lost laurels. There never has been any trouble between the players, one man being the cause of the mischief in the Brooklyn game, and outsiders at Troy. It is worse than folly for professional nines to have any disputes on the field, as it materially damages their pecuniary interests.

MONTAUK VS. MUTUAL.—The Mutuals, of Washington—Junior nine—were defeated by the Montauks, of New York, on the Capitoline ground, on Sept. 21st, by a score of 38 to 30, after a poorly played game.

CRICKET.

ALPHA vs. WINNISSIMMET.

On Sept. 16th the Alpha Cricket Club, of Salem, and the Winnissimmets, of Chelsea, Mass., played a game on the grounds of the Boston club, which the former won by the following score:—

First Innings.	Alpha.	Second Innings.
Linder run out	0	c Kimball b Hatch
C. W. Perkins b Kimball	0	c Farley b Carpenter
Mixer b Kimball	1	b Carpenter
H. S. Perkins run out	1	c Kimball b Hatch
H. Pierce not out	19	b Hatch
Hodges c Baldwin b Carpenter	8	b Carpenter
King b Hatch	1	c Kimball b Carpenter
Smallwood b Hatch	4	b Carpenter
Mears b Kimball	0	not out
Emelia c Farley b Kimball	1	c Baldwin b Carpenter
Putnam c Farley b Hatch	4	b Carpenter
Wides, 7; byes, 9; leg byes, 2	18	w., 6; b., 10; l. b., 5; no b., 1
Total	57	Total

First Innings.	Winnissimmet.	Second Innings.
Fay b Smallwood	1	c H. Pierce b Smallwood
Kimball c Hodg's b C. W. Perk's	0	c Mixer b C. W. Perkins
Bate c Linder b C. W. Perkins	0	c and b C. W. Perkins
Farley b H. S. Perkins	17	run out
Brown c Linder b C. W. Perk's	1	b Smallwood
Carpenter c King b Smallwood	9	b Smallwood
Stearns b Smallwood	13	b C. W. Perkins
Quinn b Mixer	4	b C. W. Perkins
Blackmar b Mixer	0	b Smallwood
Colburn run out	0	not out
Hatch not out	5	b Smallwood
Wides, 3; byes, 4; leg byes, 8	14	wide, 1; leg bye, 1
Total	64	Total

THE FORTHCOMING FESTIVAL ON LONG ISLAND.

With much gratification we state that the laudable efforts of those gentlemen who have projected the grand military festival and *fete champetre*, which is to be held on Long Island next month, are meeting with deserving success and encouragement. The charitable character of the projected entertainments—the object being to raise funds in aid of the Union House and School for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute and Orphan Children of Soldiers and Sailors—commends it to the attention and generous patronage of all, which we sincerely hope will be bestowed. Quite a number of volunteers have come forward and tendered the manager their services to assist in making the varied features of the programme attractive, while many others may be expected to do so before the day of opening, October 2d. It is desirable that all who purpose participating should call in person upon, or send in their names to Mr. Benj. W. Hitchcock, No. 29 Beekman street, who, as general manager, has been in labor ng assiduously to ensure the thorough success of the undertaking.

Great preparations are being made at the Fashion Course, under his superintendence. Two immense dancing platforms, and another to be devoted to exhibitions, are in course of erection, and fifteen acres of ground are being prepared for military displays in front of the club house. The volunteers up to Friday, Sept. 22d, will of themselves number over 2,000, divided into bands, each of which will be under the command of a well known officer. The following is the order of the day:—

Reveille at 5 A. M.; Breakfast at 6 A. M.; Guard Mounting at 7 A. M.; Dress Parade at 8 A. M.; Dinner at 12 M.; Dress Parade at 4 P. M.; Supper at 6 P. M.; Tattoo at 8 P. M.; Taps at 9 P. M.

Among the attractions will be a balloon ascension, a match game of base ball between the Atlantic and Eckford clubs, a game of cricket between the Alpha and Winnissimmet clubs, a game of lacrosse between the Canadian and Shinnecock Indians, a match game of base ball between the Mutual and Haymaker clubs, a game of base ball between the Olympic and Pastime clubs, a game of base ball between the Resolute and Androscoggin clubs, a game of base ball between the Bowdoin College and Boston clubs, a game of base ball between the Trenton and Champion clubs, a game of base ball between the Rockford and Chicago clubs, a game of base ball between the Cleveland and Athletic clubs, a game of base ball between the Kekiongas and Haymaker clubs, a game of base ball between the Kekiongas and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Rockford and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Eckford and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Pastime and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Olympic and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Atlantic and Haymaker clubs, a game of base ball between the Eckford and Atlantic clubs, a game of base ball between the Pastime and Olympic clubs, a game of base ball between the Eckford and Olympic clubs, a game of base ball between the Pastime and Atlantic clubs, a game of base ball between the Olympic and Atlantic clubs, a game of base ball between the Pastime and Eckford clubs, a game of base ball between the Olympic and Eckford clubs, a game of base ball between the Pastime and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Olympic and Mutual clubs, a game of base ball between the Atlantic and Mutual

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LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy	Fox, Annie	McClellan, Mrs. Jen-
Arlotte, May	Georgia, Nellie	nie
Allmendinger, Ada	Gaffney, Jennie	Neville, Emma J.
Astley, Mrs. Ed.	Hardy, Lizzie	Ostrander, Kate
Avery, Carry	Howson, Emma	Pearson, Jennie
Barton, Clara	Hind'e, Annie	Phelps, Fanny M.
Blake, Annie	Malleon, Miss	Rogers, Della
Bernstein, Amelia	Howard, Mrs. Jennie	Reed, Mrs. Chas. F.
Black, Lottie (2)	Harland, Ada (2)	Sprague, Addie
Buell, Mrs. E. C.	Harland, Mrs.	Turnour, Millie
Bryce, Anna	Hunt, Fanny	Troy, Cassie (4)
Crabtree, Mrs.	Hayden, Pauline	Tracy, Imogene
Daly, Polly	Irving, Henrietta	Welch, Mrs. Fayette
Davis, Annie C.	Forden, Kelly	Ward, Lottie
Duncan, Emma	Ward, Lizzie	Worrell, Sophie
De Vere, Blanche	La Belle, Ida	Wright, Carrie
Estelle, Mai	La Favre, Adela	Wells, Minnie
Estelle, Kattie	La Rose,	Whitland, Kittie
Estes, Mrs.	Lawton, Carrie	Woodfield, Mrs. W. (2)
Fisher, Miss J.	Morris, Jessie	Wray, Ada

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Agent Bailey's Circus	Fox, Harry	Rinehart, Sam
Armstrong, Harry J. (2)	Ferris, John	Ryan, Samuel E.
Arnold, J. H.	Foster, Chas.	Ricardo,
Allen, Ben	Fielding, John	Rice, Wm. H.
Apsey, E. A.	Fogo, A. C.	Rayner, H. J.
Austen, Nat	Gaffney, Andrew	Richards, Warren
Adams, Frank	Gaylord, Low (2)	Rostetter, J. W.
Aiden, Barry	Gonzales, Adolph	Rowes, J. F.
Bowrick, W. H.	Gilday, Jas.	Robinson, G. C. S.
Bailie, J. A.	Girard, Frank (2)	Robinson, Jas. S.
Brennan, Mr. & Mrs.	Griffiths, E. S.	Roys, D.
Baker, E. H.	Graham, Jhos.	Rich, Chas H.
Brown, W. C.	Grant, C. General	Russell, Geo.
Bodd, Jake	Goldrick, P. C.	Rogers, Walter
Bradley, Hugh	Gifford, Geo.	Seaman, A. H.
Blair, Wm. J.	Gardner, Chas.	Sutton, Chas.
Buckley, Wast. Harry	Hagerty, Hugh	Shelly, Jno. F.
Briggs, Pinny H.	Hamilton & Rowdon,	Sanyesh, Samuel
Bittenarat, Mons. A.	Hall, E. M.	Smerral, Jno.
Berry, Cassius	Hall, Jas.	Saunders, John
Bowman & Harris,	Harris, Hy. D.	Siegrist, Francois
Brown, C. Amory	Howell, Jim	Sargent, H. J.
Bennett, Frank Sa-	Herbert, Fred.	Sherman, Dan
Brown & Sanford,	Hilton, Prof. W. (4)	Shannon, Geo. G. Sa.
Bardeau, W. H.	Hams, Jr., Samuel	Stone & Murray,
Bradshaw, M. M.	Holmes, E. B.	Schooler, F. M.
Brown, E. B.	Jordan, Jr., Geo. C.	Shay, Charley
Benedict, Lew	Jefferson, Chas.	Stanley, Wm.
Bidaux, Albert (2)	King, Chas.	Seeley, Chas. (2)
Booth, John	King, Julian	Shaw, G. H.
Chambers, W. H.	Kelley, James	Segrino, Ferd.
Clapham, Harry J.	Kelley, J. H.	Schott, Fred.
Collins, James	King, Mr. and Mrs.	Thompson, Jas.
Clark, Alf.	Kammerer, Max	Tannhausen, J. (3)
Clayton, Harry	Kendall, H. A.	Taft, Harry
Crowley, John M.	Leslie, Harry	Todd, Wm.
Chenet, Joe	Lane, Bob	Thompson, Johnny
Clark, Chas.	Lavalle, Celiza	Trevalla, Jno.
Culler, Geo. (3)	Lannier, M.	Unsworth, Billy
Clark, G. M.	L. S. P., (2)	Versechoyle, Chas.
Cohen, Jerry	Lewis, Carl, Eugene	Wadge, E. H. (3)
Clark, Kit.	Lockwood, Chas. G.	White, Hughes &
Carroll, W. B.	Martuno, Prof.	Wilson, Fred.
Campbell, Prof.	Moore, Geo F.	West, Gus
Clark, Harry	Mack, Joe H.	Washburn, Leon W.
Cook, Woodie	Masterson, P.	Wilson & Clarke,
Coville, Chas.	Marsh, Mr.	Wilson, Mike
Clark, Stuart	McLear, Geo.	Wildman, Fred. J.
Cook, Guy	McHell, John	Welsh, Billy
Clark, Dor	Marsden, Ed.	Williams, H. A. B.
Cooper, W. H.	McCool, A. J.	Williams, Jno. L.
Crane, W. H. 6c.	Merrifield, Wm.	Wallington, Wm.
Chapman, C. H.	Morris, Miles	Walters, Chas.
De Vere, Chas.	MacEvoy, Chas.	Watters, Jas.
De Mar, Chas. (3)	Noyes, Chas. W. (2)	Willis, Oscar
Durand, W. W.	Pilcher, Orville	White, Joseph
Dewars, Prof. Wm.	Pedano,	Williams, Samuel
Duane & Fox,	Powers, John	Wood, Harry
Dugans, C. E.	Prop. Empire Rink,	Wagner, Cal
Ellis, H. W.	Primrose, Geo	Woodward, Lew
Edwards, Geo. H.	Pastor, Frank	Wilson, Luke
Elliott, C. B.	Quilter, Dick	Wilson, Louis
Eddy, Edward	Quelch, John	Williams, Sidney
Forrester, N. C.	Robinson, Jno. Thos.	Williams, Gustave.
Ferguson, R. V.	Rivers, Mast. Frank	Wallace, G. S. S.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Sept. 25th, '71.

Dear friends, we don't feel very comical this morning, for we were sent for last night to help hold down a young woman who has fits, although the lady with whom we board seems to doubt our story, seeing that we go so often on the same errand. We tell her that's because there are so many young women who have to be held down. So, indulgent readers, if we fail to arouse you from your lethargy, or infuse into your case-hardened natures a glimmer of cheerfulness, attribute the same to that unfortunate woman with fits.....And' talking of afflicted people, we were yesterday summoned to attend the funeral of a once jovial, but now deceased friend. Everybody looked as solemn as the "lave lamented," when suddenly a rough and ready "boon companion" entered the room, and seeing the woful visages of the assemblage, cried out:—"Oh, look alive, boys, look alive; what would the comical old corpse there say if he could see you all? Look alive and *give the man a little encouragement !*".....'Our Jim" is not very bright when the moon is full; neither is he very bright when he's full himself. Seeing that a new tragedian, Ooofty Gooft, was announced to make his appearance at the Grand Opera House, James determined to see him, if possible; and so, borrowing a half a dollar from the printer's devil, who earned it by selling some of our news items to an enterprising daily contemporary, Jimmy got in; but he came away dissatisfied, if not altogether disgusted. We will let the offended lad speak for himself:—

I dispise here like a sed dog. Hoom told Oofty Gooft that he was a tarjedian, is a base fernicknonian and a fiend. Why he hain't got the fust ideas of trayjedy; the pepil laft at him every time he shode hisself, or opened his mouth, and I *fell* so sorry for him that I was on the feklest offer to git me money back, I felt so bad. If ever this here Gooft chap was a Inclishman, why he's got bravely over it; why he can't *talk* plane yit; he's the brokenfist Dutchman I ever heerd. I think he's a dutchman, or a kros twixt a pinter and a sailor as it were. Friensus, I wood not go to sea to speel-nems of wot his trayjedy is like. The mortil burd of Avon-o-Bawes, sis he:—

"Now is the winter of our dikontent
Made gloreus summer bi the sun of Nu York."

That there's the riginel tex, from Kolly Sivveres latest "five o clock eddahm," as our valyint nuse boys wood sa. Now that there, you will se, redes wel enuf, and kurrect, in the abstractness, it'l ma be found to kon a word, or in spoke in dy ur plain Inglish this here au trayjeedeen wood set it? I will tri to giv his cureeus gibberish se fack simmerly as my broken dialeck will do it. Ses he:—

"Dot ses pooly kold weader wot we hafe got;
Den ya vate ul dot sun o ol shines for all brakes oused,
Den yu hafe bully dimes. I bsed you."

If this here is tryjedy, then, as that nobil Irishmin, Pat Henry, cussin to Mike Henry, of Bruchlin, ses, "yu kin mark the most of it." I mase yu no feeling in this here matter; I am a man full-luv of hi art; but wen I see the trayjick moose bamboozild like that there, then I se it is time to rase a committee of 70 to diskurer hoom is to the frord, the sekter, or his wouchers; wich latter, no dout, is lost or stolin. Wen I see the sayrikl frisks of the lejitimit performer gav up to banjo players—hoom is wel enuf in thare plases—and the tempils of opra okupide by trajedeans hoom cannot speke the Amurckin lang without brakin his jor, I begin to run, for, like hi time a willina cummity was orginised to put a bed on tu ori hoom is ingaged in this perulais busnis. I doan; go in fur wijilinte cummitys as a rool, but wen the werry foundasins of our theatres is thretind by sich undermin' and skeemin' things, then, I, as purse-ecrnits insent no longer a wirche. Fust, let us meat lor with lor, if necessary; but if them "hoom the gods makes mad" deni our rites, then, mi bold 70, I se, let us meat force with force, and dam be him hoom; yu kriz but, I've got mi self, or sum frend, a good navy six, a doant keer wich. As i sed afore, i haint predjused agin Mister O. Gooft, Esq., as a man, fur ive drunk with him as orfin as ive fingers and tose, and he never disputed the kost of the same, or hinted it was time I left. I se trix at the bekr fraze, but I doant alow no trenships or fre drinx to kut bias me, I want yu tu no. Mi motto is, as yu wel no, "dooty fust, after ori," it wich i will sink or swim, stand or fall, survive or perrish, as Mister Addims wonst sed when hoom hay jin put ish a concentrayted nitrik for guvner of Maschoost. Mister Gooft's fort is kommicklinis instead of trajecnis; let him pa a littel attenshin to spellin and readin and rum and stirin in the inglish ting afore he stemps the tryjeck moos; but, until then, he kin kount on me to stand at every time he shose hisself, wich must make enny man of senis feel chepe and mene, i shud think. The pla wich he maid his debbut in was ackiid with a simperthetikanis wich must a bin gallin to all the fedin inginius sorts of the evening; such sorts and smuthered lafin' and outspokie boystrinsia, i never heerd. I most makes me puke, to think of it, as the willdig bell sed wen a sitty chap inwited her tu jine him in a worlta. These opinyuns yu sir weekind to persue for yuself. I doant rit to ten ses I to yu myself, wich I doan let ery edderter du. [*Private understeam*—if Mister Gooft should apeer tu yu in a angry mood, and threten tu storm yure ram parts, or otherwise shibbit a unhappy frame of mind borcum ov pistils or knaives, yu kan du better than to send for mister Burg, and giv him into the hands of that jentil warryer and his nobil-harted assoshiates as a wirclater of the iors of his human nusseery. *Pe-skrip*—yu kin sa that the tryjerdy was plased on in a hily reddikulis manner, and that the hole theater cood hear, "Yure our jim, are yu? Wel, now, yu jist jim along josey, or fle chuck yu kleer over inter the pit." And then all the uther googil-ize ones likewise and a hommi kal known. Thing is cummin to a pooty pass wen a man gits insulted fur tryin' tu pass peesably in a good seet. Yu better giv them blinders a blast—tuoch 'em on the ror, and urge there instant departure, hoss or pleces, or the hole hous will be filled by honester and more perliter yung men. Peg awa at em til tha git the sack, then yu kin rite a strong eddercreal on the advantamest of the drammer, and the efforts make by that manidger to kepe an orderly hous. I ony wish I could print yure paper, but the woodent suppose on enny boddy with sutch snubbery. Doant speke of *sol* ushers like them googilide skunks, becors sam of 'em trotes me wel enuf, and give me leeva wich is mark "aken," wich sa a li onm its fase, as the wurssent taken, but wun used fur faeries, and uther fokes who hindhartedly ask these deservin yung ushers out in drink. These is ori private notes, frend Cue, for yure on private ere, to be enlarged on in yure on wuhrite stile—yi no how it fix it—but doant let on that i had enything to du with it—spoke as if a frend of yures cord yure attenshin to the hasin affex of hirin pepil hoos hogishness wood be better apreshated in a pig pen. Kepe dark hoom is your korrespondent.

We have given Jim's letter entire, as we do not wish to deprive our readers of the useful information he seeks to impart through us; neither have we any desire to see "Mister Gooft in a onhappy frame of mind," looking for the author of this high-handed calumny.....Church is in. Every Sabbath morning our streets are thronged with the devoutly-arrayed seekers after truth and admiration wending their way to the renovated temples of piety. The ministers look much improved by their furlough, and exhibit a calm and sweet demeanor which never fails to rivet the attention of the dear sisters. Our preachers have had a gay old time of it since the close of the season. One of our exchanges' says, that a gentleman of the white neck persuasion lost one hundred and fifty dollars on Longfellow, at Saratoga, and the following Sunday spoke as his people from the text—"The race is not to the swift."..... While feasting on Charlotte Cushman's intellectual repasts this week, her audiences may be pleased to learn that a pic-nic party recently partook of oyster pate in the making of which the *tragedienne* took a leading part, and gave zest to the enjoyment of the party thereby.....A fat white talking of woman, and the inflammable words for food or ill, performing her aliotus feats is the feels in the humor, probably, giving a feller a dab with the rolling-pin or winding her loving arms tenderly around his yielding neck, a few lines in honor of the soft sex may not be uninteresting:—

WOMAN—SHE'S A BRICK.

Oh, woman, thou wast never made
To be a writing sheet;
All things declare, we boldly swear,
Thy flag beneficents must wave;
For to and fro, where'er we go,
The ruling fates ordain,
That if the heads of will or no,
Shackled must wear thy chain.

If all the world of men were made,
And w.man were not here,
Who'd charm your idle evenings thus,
And take your household cheer?
Whose lightest word would soothe our woes,
And counsel comfort give—
Who else than she whose tenderness
Alone tempt man to live?

City Summary.

AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE Mr. Gus Phillips made his *debut* as an actor on Monday evening, Sept. 18th, in a new local drama, in a prologue and three acts, entitled "Oofty Gooft," and written expressly for him by Edwin F. De Nyse. It was performed with the following cast:—

PROLOGUE—TIME, 1866—SCENE, GERMANY.

Hans.....Gus Phillips	Polly Searles.....Miss Ida Vernon
Charles Margot.....J. B. Studley	Dora Bates.....Fannie Maddern
Christian Kasper.....C. W. Barry	Claire Margot.Henrietta Osborne
Conti.....J. B. Brutone	Tillie.....Little Alice Toner

THE DRAMA—TIME, 1871—SCENE, NEW YORK.

Oofty Gooft.....Gus Fauilips	Matteo.....Young Smith
Charles Margot.....J. B. Studley	Policeman.....Mr. Barclay
Conti.....J. B Brutone	Hackman.....Mr. McEvoy
Kaspar.....C. W. Barry	Servants.....Mr. Carpenter
Jake Somers.....C. T. Parsloe	Tillie Crisp.....Ione Burke
Edgar Vandam.....E. F. Thorne	Claire Margot.Henrietta Osborne
Lucius Lyon.....J. Hind	Mrs. Vandam.....Mad. Ponisi
Tom.....Geo. W. Johnson	Louise Vandam.....Edith Challis
Solomon Snoot.....M. W. Fiske	Sally Snoot.....Emma Cline

The action of the prologue occurs upon the Rhine, where, at the cottage home of Marguerite, the wife of Kasper, we are introduced to herself, her little daughter and a servant, Hans, who has deserted from the conscription. From Charles Margot and his sister, Claire, both adventurers, who now come upon the scene, we learn that Claire has, by her fascinations, won the heart of Christian Kasper, and looks forward to a marriage that will confer upon her wealth and position. The brother, Charles, has learned that Kasper is already married, and that his return from America is for the purpose of visiting his family. Claire refuses to believe him, but is told tast if she will conceal herself her own eyes will witness Kasper's perfidy. Conti, a deformed Italian who, through a knowledge of Margot's former crimes, holds great power over him, acts as a spy upon Kasper's actions, and has brought intelligence that he is approaching, and that the very cottage before them contains his wife, whom Kasper now meets. After a brief interview Kasper desires to be left alone, his wife retires, and Hans being left with him, an opportunity is afforded for a conference between the latter and Kasper. Shortly thereafter Kasper's child, Tillie, desires Hans to tell her a story concerning the ghosts of the Rhine, and while the recital is progressing Claire Margot enters Marguerite's cottage, kills her, fires the building and escapes. Conti endeavors to gain possession of the child, and, during a struggle with Hans, Tillie rushes to a precipice overhanging the Rhine, when Hans shouts to her to jump into the river, which she does, and he, quickly releasing himself from the grasp of Conti, speedily leaps after her, and, as the act drop descends, both are seen in the act of being rescued by a passing boat filled with laborers returning from their daily toil. The action is now transferred, after a lapse of 15 years, to New York city, where we find Hans, known as Oofty Gooft, a millionaire brewer; the child, Tillie, of the prologue, now upon the verge of womanhood; also all the characters of the prologue and others considered necessary for working out the plot to pursue which in all its ramifications we have not space. Suffice it to say, we are introduced into the abode of an aristocratic family, the Vandams, residing on Fifth avenue, who have much family pride and little money, with whom Tillie is residing, and who is regularly supplied at stated intervals with a liberal allowance of money by an unknown guardian. A crisis is at hand, and the family, finding it impossible to keep up their present establishment, are about to remove to a hotel. Oofty Gooft, who had been a coachman to this family, has become the owner of their mansion. It is indirectly inferred that he is an aspirant for the hand of Miss Louise Vandam, and for her sake he offers to present Mrs. Vandam with the house, but her family pride rebels at being under obligations to one who had been her own coachman, and the family remove to the hotel as proposed. The scene changing thither, shows us Kasper and Claire, the former laboring under the effect of a slow poison, and the latter endeavoring to compel him to sign a will bequeathing her a large amount of property, or to wed her. During this scene Tillie discovers that her mysterious guardian is none other than Oofty Gooft, and while he is describing to her the scene enacted in the prologue, that she may recognize him, Kasper and Claire re-enter, and, hearing the tale, Kasper recognizes Tillie as his daughter, which *denouement* closed the act. In the next act we find Louise Vandam making love to Oofty Gooft, while there is a plot on foot to imprison Kasper as a lunatic, and Margot and Conti resolve to abduct Tillie and Edgar Vandam, with whom Claire avows herself to be in love. We are introduced into an underground cellar, where there is a dog pit and an assemblage of pugilists, for the purpose of putting up the final stakes for a mill between Jake Somers and the "Bittery Chicken." Oofty Gooft being a friend of Jake's, has promised to put up for him his share of the final stakes. To this place are brought Kasper, Edgar, Vandam and Tillie, who are at once thrust into a heavily barred cell. During the performances upon several musical instruments by Oofty Gooft, and while the attention of the spectators is engaged thereby, Jake Somers quietly saws the bars of the door of the cell and rescues the inmates, which tableau closes the act. In the last act we find preparations for the nuptials of Oofty Gooft with Louise Vandam, and Edgar Vandam with Tillie Kasper. Myrmidons in the employ of Margot and his sister enter the parlor, and by an application of ether overpower Jake Somers, and Oofty coming upon the scene, turns the tables and renders some four of them insensible. While the marriage festivities are at their height, Margot, Conti and others enter the garden at the rear of the house, for the purpose of abducting Tillie, who, in the most accommodating manner, comes forth at near the midnight hour with some friends, but requests to be left alone. Of course she is seized and is about to be borne to a carriage, when Margot, who has ascended the porch, encounters Oofty coming from a window. A struggle takes place between them, during which Margot is stabbed, the police enter, arrest the abductors, Margot dies and the curtain falls. There is an underplot, in which a shyster lawyer, Lucius Lyon, and Jake Somers, a bruiser, figure conspicuously. The drama, of its kind, may be pronounced moderately good, but it has numerous faults. It is too sketchy, much being left to the imagination of the auditor, and many points of the plot being highly improbable. If what is considered the most fashionable class of society is to be dragged into these sensation plays, we hope there may be, in the future, a little more fidelity to nature. In the present drama we have an uncouth Dutchman entering the parlor of one of the most aristocratic families, dragging a trunk with one hand and holding a valise in the other. We do not believe that well educated young ladies are in the habit of making love to such personages as Oofty Gooft was, on this occasion, represented to be. The idea, however, was but a brief reproduction of the scene between Charles Courtly and Grace Harkaway, in "London Assurance." Further, we have yet to learn that such a pugilistic scene as was represented as occurring in Central Park could really take place without the offenders speedily finding themselves in durance vile. It appears that the location of the action is selected without the slightest regard to the action itself. Only a few of the characters had any opportunities for acting. Mr. Phillips, as Oofty Gooft, appeared self-possessed and read his lines with considerable ease, but he failed to make the "points," with which his part was literally interspersed, effective, and he seemed somewhat troubled in making his exits properly; yet, for a first appearance, he deserves much commendation. His costumes were absurd, save the one in the prologue. Imagine a man, about to wed a daughter of one of the proudest families of New York, selecting as a bridal costume nankeen pants, a white vest, a sky blue coat, and a yellow necktie with black stripes. During the early portion of the play he wore an artificial beard, which was fastened to his face by broad steel bands, reaching from a line even with the mouth and extending to the top of the ear, which gave his countenance a distorted appearance. He attempted a song and dance, which had much better been omitted. During the underground cellar scene he performed upon the harmonium, accordeon and melophone, meeting with moderate success. It is but an act of justice to Mr. Phillips to say, that the costumes were not of his selecting, as he relied upon a costumer not connected with the theatre to supply them. Later in the week he appeared in more appropriate costumes, and an improvement in his acting was noticed. Charles Margot was effectively acted by J. B. Studley, who made his first appearance on the above occasion, his impersonation being natural and quiet. Conti, the Italian vagabond, was ably played by J. B. Brutone, as well made up and acted, so far as pantomime was concerned, but it was utterly impossible to understand a word he uttered. C. W. Barry acted Kasper with care. C. T. Parsloe gave a faithful portraiture of a New York rough. T. J. Hind invested Lucius Lyon, the shyster lawyer, with a deal of character, and created much mirth. The characters of Edgar Vandam, by E. F. Thorne, and Solomon Snoot, by M. W. Fiske, afforded not the slightest opportunity for acting, and one of them, at least, would not have been missed from the representation. The minor character of Tom, a coachman, was well played by Geo. W. Johnson. Marguerite, the wife of Kasper in the prologue, and Tillie Crisp in the drama, were fairly rendered by Miss Ione Burke. Claire Margot found an efficient and forcible representative in Miss Henrietta Osborne. Madame Ponisi was dignified and ladylike, which was all that was required of her as Mrs. Vandam. Miss Edith Challis looked charmingly, and dressed with becoming taste as Louise Vandam, and played the sketch as well as could be expected. Miss Emma Cline was satisfactory in the brief character of Sally Snoog, a cook. Tillie, the daughter of Kasper in the prologue, announced as five years of age, was personated by little Alice Toner, who must have been over ten. She, however, spoke her lines distinctly and understandingly. On the opening night a large audience was assembled, and it was evident that Mr. Phillips' personal friends had rallied in force. As he stepped upon the stage the applause was almost deafening and very long continued. He was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and many costly and rare floral tributes were handed to him. The business continued fair during the balance of the week.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS cannot complain of their business thus far th's season, although it was feared that their hall would be found too far down town. During the past week especially has the attendance been liberal, and an increased energy has been noticed in supplying the first part with fresh jokes. In the first part Billy Birch sang "Bones' Love Scrape" with humorous effect, and William Dwyer sang the new ballad, entitled "Save the Boy," which was re-demanded. The festival song and dance, "Kome and Kiss Me," performed by Bobby Newcomb, Charles Gibbons, J. Chever and R. Kennedy, has been so much improved that it is one of the chief attractions of the evening. Their gyrations and burlesque saltatory evolutions are most comical. Backus and Bernard figured in the specialties, and the whole programme may be pronounced enjoyable.

S. S. PUARDY was warmly welcomed upon his return to Kelly & Leon's, on Sept. 18th. The Hoffer Tyrolean Troupe, five in number, put in an appearance on the 18th, and in their warblings met with considerable favor. Leon sang "When Sammy Comes Home" and some German songs, and the burlesque dramatic sketch called "A Dime Novel" concluded the programme. The attendance has fallen off considerably.

MRS. JOHN WOOD and a company from London, Eng., have been positively engaged to play at Niblo's Garden during the winter. She will appear immediately after the withdrawal of the "Black Crook."

THE SEASON AT NIBLO'S GARDEN will be filled as follows:—J. K. Emmet; Frank Mayo, in the "Streets of New York; Sothern, who will play eight weeks; "Black Crook," Mrs. John Wood and a London company, and a return engagement of Sothern for four weeks.

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," was re-placed upon the boards on Sept. 18th, and was performed to good sized audiences during the week. It was preceded by a farce called "A. S. S." This evening, 25th, D. L. Morris commences an engagement, acting in "Dollars."

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, J. K. Emmet acted the leading role in a new drama, in three acts, written by Charles Gaylor, entitled "Carl, the Fiddler," which was produced for the first time on any stage, Monday, Sept. 18th, with the following cast:—

Carl, a musician.....J. K. Emmet	Polly Searles.....Miss Ida Vernon
Harper Bates.....J. W. Hastings	Dora Bates.....Fannie Maddern
Payton Boyd.....Mr. Hilliard	Claire Margot.Miss Lizzie Maddern
Dickson Orawl.....G. H. Morton	Kate Lobbed, a gambler.....Miss Mack
Hudson Wayne.....W. Davenport	Hilda.....Carl's little
Servant.....Mr. Hammond	sister. Little Minnie Maddern
Magistrate.....Mr. Bedford	
Officer.....Mr. Gilbert	

The chief incidents of the play are not novel, having done service on many occasions, yet the manner in which they have been treated by Mr. Gaylor has given them an air of freshness. The play is well constructed, and the story is told in a simple and touching manner:—Carl is a musician, performing on the violin and guitar, and, by means of the former, he hopes to win fame and fortune, although now suffering the pangs of utter poverty. He has a little sister, Hilda, some eight years of age, upon whom all his love is centered, as they are orphans, having been deprived of their parents some time antecedent to the commencement of the drama. The first act is devoted almost entirely to a picture of their home life in their humble attic. Hilda is learning her letters from a block alphabet and Carl sings a song, entitled "Hilda," to pass her, and, when the hour arrives for Hilda's retiring, he sings her to sleep with a lullaby, which is peculiarly sweet and touching; and this little song, later in the drama, becomes a potent instrument for making the wrong right. In order to enable certain persons to retain possession of large estates, it becomes necessary that a child of tender years should be obtained to represent the heir, and for this purpose a bargain is made with Polly Searles to steal a child. She comes to the lodgings of Carl during his temporary absence, and finding Hilda asleep and alone, administers to her chloroform and bears her away. Carl returns, and, finding his loss is overwhelmed with grief. He resolves to know no rest until his darling sister is found. Hilda is now transferred to the family of Harper Bates and represented as his child, Miss Dora, and we learn that immediately after her removal from her home she was stricken down with brain fever, and although her life was for a long time despaired of, she at length recovered, though with a total loss of memory of antecedent events. A lap-e of ten years between the first and second acts introduces us to a *fete* given by Harper Bates in celebration of the eighteenth natal day of his daughter Dora, and here we are made acquainted with the remaining characters that figure in the drama—A lawyer, Dickson Orawl, who possesses the secret of the fraudulent retention of the estates by Bates, and in consequence demands that Dora shall be given in marriage to Hudson Wayne, a speculator in stocks, and Polly Searles, who, through a knowledge of Margot's former crimes, holds great power over him, acts as a spy upon Kasper's actions, and has brought intelligence that he is approaching, and that the very cottage before them contains his wife, whom Kasper now meets. After a brief interview Kasper desires to be left alone, his wife retires, and Hans being left with him, an opportunity is afforded for a conference between the latter and Kasper. Shortly thereafter Kasper's child, Tillie, desires Hans to tell her a story concerning the ghosts of the Rhine, and while the recital is progressing Claire Margot enters Marguerite's cottage, kills her, fires the building and escapes. Conti endeavors to gain possession of the child, and, during a struggle with Hans, Tillie rushes to a precipice overhanging the Rhine, when Hans shouts to her to jump into the river, which she does, and he, quickly releasing himself from the grasp of Conti, speedily leaps after her, and, as the act drop descends, both are seen in the act of being rescued by a passing boat filled with laborers returning from their daily toil. The action is now transferred, after a lapse of 15 years, to New York city, where we find Hans, known as Oofty Gooft, a millionaire brewer; the child, Tillie, of the prologue, now upon the verge of womanhood; also all the characters of the prologue and others considered necessary for working out the plot to pursue which in all its ramifications we have not space. Suffice it to say, we are introduced into the abode of an aristocratic family, the Vandams, residing on Fifth avenue, who have much family pride and little money, with whom Tillie is residing, and who is regularly supplied at stated intervals with a liberal allowance of money by an unknown guardian. A crisis is at hand, and the family, finding it impossible to keep up their present establishment, are about to remove to a hotel. Oofty Gooft, who had been a coachman to this family, has become the owner of their mansion. It is indirectly inferred that he is an aspirant for the hand of Miss Louise Vandam, and for her sake he offers to present Mrs. Vandam with the house, but her family pride rebels at being under obligations to one who had been her own coachman, and the family remove to the hotel as proposed. The scene changing thither, shows us Kasper and Claire, the former laboring under the effect of a slow poison, and the latter endeavoring to compel him to sign a will bequeathing her a large amount of property, or to wed her. During this scene Tillie discovers that her mysterious guardian is none other than Oofty Gooft, and while he is describing to her the scene enacted in the prologue, that she may recognize him, Kasper and Claire re-enter, and, hearing the tale, Kasper recognizes Tillie as his daughter, which *denouement* closed the act. In the next act we find Louise Vandam making love to Oofty Gooft, while there is a plot on foot to imprison Kasper as a lunatic, and Margot and Conti resolve to abduct Tillie and Edgar Vandam, with whom Claire avows herself to be in love. We are introduced into an underground cellar, where there is a dog pit and an assemblage of pugilists, for the purpose of putting up the final stakes for a mill between Jake Somers and the "Bittery Chicken." Oofty Gooft being a friend of Jake's, has promised to put up for him his share of the final stakes. To this place are brought Kasper, Edgar, Vandam and Tillie, who are at once thrust into a heavily barred cell. During the performances upon several musical instruments by Oofty Gooft, and while the attention of the spectators is engaged thereby, Jake Somers quietly saws the bars of the door of the cell and rescues the inmates, which tableau closes the act. In the last act we find preparations for the nuptials of Oofty Gooft with Louise Vandam, and Edgar Vandam with Tillie Kasper. Myrmidons in the employ of Margot and his sister enter the parlor, and by an application of ether overpower Jake Somers, and Oofty coming upon the scene, turns the tables and renders some four of them insensible. While the marriage festivities are at their height, Margot, Conti and others enter the garden at the rear of the house, for the purpose of abducting Tillie, who, in the most accommodating manner, comes forth at near the midnight hour with some friends, but requests to be left alone. Of course she is seized and is about to be borne to a carriage, when Margot, who has ascended the porch, encounters Oofty coming from a window. A struggle takes place between them, during which Margot is stabbed, the police enter, arrest the abductors, Margot dies and the curtain falls. There is an underplot, in which a shyster lawyer, Lucius Lyon, and Jake Somers, a bruiser, figure conspicuously. The drama, of its kind, may be pronounced moderately good, but it has numerous faults. It is too sketchy, much being left to the imagination of the auditor, and many points of the plot being highly improbable. If what is considered the most fashionable class of society is to be dragged into these sensation plays, we hope there may be, in the future, a little more fidelity to nature. In the present drama we have an uncouth Dutchman entering the parlor of one of the most aristocratic families, dragging a trunk with one hand and holding a valise in the other. We do not believe that well educated young ladies are in the habit of making love to such personages as Oofty Gooft was, on this occasion, represented to be. The idea, however, was but a brief reproduction of the scene between Charles Courtly and Grace Harkaway, in "London Assurance." Further, we have yet to learn that such a pugilistic scene as was represented as occurring in Central Park could really take place without the offenders speedily finding themselves in durance vile. It appears that the location of the action is selected without the slightest regard to the action itself. Only a few of the characters had any opportunities for acting. Mr. Phillips, as Oofty Gooft, appeared self-possessed and read his lines with considerable ease, but he failed to make the "points," with which his part was literally interspersed, effective, and he seemed somewhat troubled in making his exits properly; yet, for a first appearance, he deserves much commendation. His costumes were absurd, save the one in the prologue. Imagine a man, about to wed a daughter of one of the proudest families of New York, selecting as a bridal costume nankeen pants, a white vest, a sky blue coat, and a yellow necktie with black stripes. During the early portion of the play he wore an artificial beard, which was fastened to his face by broad steel bands, reaching from a line even with the mouth and extending to the top of the ear, which gave his countenance a distorted appearance. He attempted a song and dance, which had much better been omitted. During the underground cellar scene he performed upon the harmonium, accordeon and melophone, meeting with moderate success. It is but an act of justice to Mr. Phillips to say, that the costumes were not of his selecting, as he relied upon a costumer not connected with the theatre to supply them. Later in the week he appeared in more appropriate costumes, and an improvement in his acting was noticed. Charles Margot was effectively acted by J. B. Studley, who made his first appearance on the above occasion, his impersonation being natural and quiet. Conti, the Italian vagabond, was ably played by J. B. Brutone, as well made up and acted, so far as pantomime was concerned, but it was utterly impossible to understand a word he uttered. C. W. Barry acted Kasper with care. C. T. Parsloe gave a faithful portraiture of a New York rough. T. J. Hind invested Lucius Lyon, the shyster lawyer, with a deal of character, and created much mirth. The characters of Edgar Vandam, by E. F. Thorne, and Solomon Snoot, by M. W. Fiske, afforded not the slightest opportunity for acting, and one of them, at least, would not have been missed from the representation. The minor character of Tom, a coachman, was well played by Geo. W. Johnson. Marguerite, the wife of Kasper in the prologue, and Tillie Crisp in the drama, were fairly rendered by Miss Ione Burke. Claire Margot found an efficient and forcible representative in Miss Henrietta Osborne. Madame Ponisi was dignified and ladylike, which was all that was required of her as Mrs. Vandam. Miss Edith Challis looked charmingly, and dressed with becoming taste as Louise Vandam, and played the sketch as well as could be expected. Miss Emma Cline was satisfactory in the brief character of Sally Snoog, a cook. Tillie, the daughter of Kasper in the prologue, announced as five years of age, was personated by little Alice Toner, who must have been over ten. She, however, spoke her lines distinctly and understandingly. On the opening night a large audience was assembled, and it was evident that Mr. Phillips' personal friends had rallied in force. As he stepped upon the stage the applause was almost deafening and very long continued. He was called before the curtain at the close of each act, and many costly and rare floral tributes were handed to him. The business continued fair during the balance of the week.

BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD AND BACKUS cannot complain of their business thus far th's season, although it was feared that their hall would be found too far down town. During the past week especially has the attendance been liberal, and an increased energy has been noticed in supplying the first part with fresh jokes. In the first part Billy Birch sang "Bones' Love Scrape" with humorous effect, and William Dwyer sang the new ballad, entitled "Save the Boy," which was re-demanded. The festival song and dance, "Kome and Kiss Me," performed by Bobby Newcomb, Charles Gibbons, J. Chever and R. Kennedy, has been so much improved that it is one of the chief attractions of the evening. Their gyrations and burlesque saltatory evolutions are most comical. Backus and Bernard figured in the specialties, and the whole programme may be pronounced enjoyable.

S. S. PUARDY was warmly welcomed upon his return to Kelly & Leon's, on Sept. 18th. The Hoffer Tyrolean Troupe, five in number, put in an appearance on the 18th, and in their warblings met with considerable favor. Leon sang "When Sammy Comes Home" and some German songs, and the burlesque dramatic sketch called "A Dime Novel" concluded the programme. The attendance has fallen off considerably.

MRS. JOHN WOOD and a company from London, Eng., have been positively enga

P. Smith, gave a performance of the 'Long Strike' at the Opera House Sept. 21st, before a large audience. The play was mounted in an excellent manner.....Harry Clarke and company, with Oliver Doud Byron in 'Across the Continent,' performed at the Opera House Sept. 22d and 23d."

MR. JOHN E. OWENS has made a gratifying success in Boucicault's drama, "Grimaldi," at the Globe Theatre, Boston, Mass, as will be seen by the appended extracts from the press of that city:—

THE GLOBE.—Boucicault's comedy of "Grimaldi," with Mr. John Owens in the principal character, was the attraction at this popular theatre last evening, and a large and fashionable audience attested the interest felt in the comedy. "Grimaldi" is a transformation—it is more than a role—and few living actors could so effectually transform themselves. * * * Mr. Owens completely sustained his part. Mr. Owens's acting was admirable. * * * All the important characters were well supported. The closing scene, a picnic in the gardens of a duke, was especially commendable.—*Boston Journal.*

GLOBE THEATRE.—Boucicault's fine act drama of "Grimaldi" better known here as the second title of "The Life of an Actress," was brought out (for the first time at this establishment) last night. * * * The drama is splendidly constructed, one full of the most absorbing interest and abounding with scenes of situations. In its development, the master hand of its author is plainly seen. * * * The "Grimaldi" of Mr. Owens was a refined, conscientious and well considered piece of acting throughout. * * * The entire representation of the part of Lord was a cluster of dramatic jewels, and we congratulate him on having achieved a triumph of dramatic art. * * * The drama was placed on the stage in a really superior manner. The setting and the mounting were all that could be expected of the wealthiest families. "Grimaldi" should, assuredly, have a long and successful run.—*Evening Traveller.*

Mr. Owens' place in the drama can be filled by no artist at present on the American stage, for there is no comedian who can run the entire gamut of the passions with his power. He is never alike in any two parts. Voice, style, face, gesture and walk are alike changed for every assumption. His identity never appears. On the French stage, Mr. Owens would be honored as one of its brightest luminaries. Here, the public do not seem to know the jewel that is in their midst. They require to be told through three-sheet posters and flaming cuts that a great artist is with them, or they never would be made more apparent than in "Grimaldi" on Thursday night, when Mr. Owens disappeared as completely as if he had been suddenly swept from the face of the earth, and the old French emigre, struggling with hunger, proud, tender, sentimentalic, vunning, and withal a gentleman, stood in his place. Every shrug of the shoulders, every intonation of the voice, every purring of the lips and raising of the eyebrows, every glance of the eye, was a perfect study. The illusion was complete. It was one of the most elaborate and yet most natural pieces of acting we have ever witnessed on any stage save the French, and our experience has not been a limited one. We have not the space to analyze this extraordinary performance, and it defies description. We confidently pronounce it unequalled, and who fails to see it fails to see the finest characterization of the age: we make no exceptions. The acting by the company was admirable throughout.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

If it were necessary to add any word of commendation to the great merit for versatility Mr. John E. Owens now has, or say anything concerning his conscientiousness and success as an artist, the opportunity given by his interpretation of the character of Grimaldi, in Mr. Dion Boucicault's interesting drama of that title, performed at the Globe last evening, would be a fitting occasion. * * * Mr. Owens, with his transitions from a tender heartbroken sorrow to volatility of perfect happiness, his broken, foreign accent his pantomimic gestures of face and body, is the real interpreter of sentiment.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Owens' assumption of the title role is worthy of his great reputation. It is an intense picturesque and powerful piece of acting, at once delicate and vehement, impassioned and self controlled. * * * In the outward respect of dress and dialect, the Grimaldi of Mr. Owens pleases and impresses by its completeness and its skill. * * * The piece abounds in stirring situations, and Mr. Owens has many opportunities to show his capacity for the most earnest, pathetic, and impassioned acting.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

CONCERNING THINGS THEATRICAL in Chicago, Ill., our correspondent sends in the following report, dated Sept. 22d:—"There is very little to chronicle in the way of amusements, for the reason there has been no change in the programmes at any of our theatres since the commencement of last week. 'Saratoga' at McVicker's new theatre continues to meet with uninterrupted success, attracting large audiences since its first production. Mr. McVicker has made an unmistakable hit in the character of Rob Sackett. Mr. W. H. Powers' rendition of Jack Benedict is natural and refreshing, and the other prominent male characters in the play are successfully maintained by Rainford, Bascomb, Fox, Hurley, Sidney Smith, Everham, Pendleton and Woodhull. Mrs. Mary Myers finds in Virginia, Vanderpool, a character peculiarly adapted to her quiet and pleasing style of acting. The other lady members of the company, by their rich and elegant costuming and commendable acting, contribute alike to the success of the play.....The comedy of 'Not so Bad After All,' entered upon its second week at Col Wood's Museum, to an audience equal in size to any of the previous week. It has all the requirements of a good comedy, agreeable in dialogue, novel in its situations, and is compact and artistic in construction. With the advantages of being well rendered by the company and very creditably mounted, its production in this house has been attended with encouraging results. A farce called the 'Artful Dodger' completes the bill. Next week we are to have Simpson & Co., on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. .....At Hooley and Aikens' the week's attendance has been uniformly good with the emotional drama of 'Camille' as the attraction. Miss Augusta Dargon's portrayal of Camille is unexceptionably fine, and elicits admiration, and is in reality a great effort, while in artistic feeling and a thorough knowledge of true dramatic requirements, Miss D. has but few equals. The support rendered by the company is of the best. The role of Armand Duval is entrusted to the hands of Frank Lawlor, and it is sufficient to say the part could not fall into more acceptable hands. Mons. Duval is commendably enacted by J. C. De Varville by J. G. Morrison, and Gaston by Chas. Stanley. Miss Annie Campion gives a pleasing, effective and conscientious rendition of Nichette. Miss Isabel Remick plays the small part of Nanine very neatly. The minor parts are evenly rendered. The farce of the 'Irish Tutor' gives Mr. Padgett an opportunity of displaying his comic ability, which he succeeds in doing to the satisfaction of all. The other parts in the farce are happily played by Stanley, McClelland, Archer, Osborne, Mrs. Daly and Miss Osborne. A new domestic drama by Byron, entitled 'Daisy Farm,' is in active preparation. The Chicago favorite, Mrs. James Oates, will appear at this place on Monday next for a six nights' season, supported by her own company:—Messrs. E. H. Drew, W. H. Crane, H. F. Allen, H. H. Pratt, J. E. Nugent, Miss Jennie McCloskey, Miss Jessie McCloskey, Mrs. Nugent and Mrs. H. F. Allen. The repertoire includes a number of operettas, extravaganzas, burlettas, comedi-ettas, etc. They open in St. Louis the following Monday for a brief season. An important change is soon to take place in the Hooley Opera House management, R. M. Hooley having disposed of his interest in the business to Frank S. Aiken and Frank Lawlor. They have taken a five years' lease of the place, dating from Oct. 1st. Mr. Hooley still retains the ownership of the property. The present company will remain throughout the season. .....Crosby's Opera House is fast being put in shape for the coming season, and when completed it will present an appearance second to none in this country. It will probably be opened on or about the 9th of October, with Theo. Thomas' orchestra as the attraction."

DAVIS AND CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., want several artistes to fill engagements, and they offer special inducements to amateurs desiring to adopt the profession. For further particulars see their card elsewhere.

AT THE NEW OPERA HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., writes our correspondent on Sept. 23d:—"Dominick Murray commenced a brief engagement of three nights, on Sept. 18th, with the play of 'Arrah-na-Pogue.' On the night following was played 'Aileen Aroon,' and on the 20th 'The Golden Rubble' and 'Irish Yankee.' Notwithstanding many strong attractions outside (Barnum's show) Mr. Murray was greeted with a full house every evening. On the 21st inst. Jane Coombs and her dramatic company made their first appearance in the comedy of 'School for Scandal' to a large audience. On the 22d was played 'London Assurance' to a large house, and this evening will be played 'The Honeymoon.' On Monday evening next Lafingwell opens for one week. R. Cassidy, formerly agent for the Sappho Troupe, is now connected with the Jane Coombs Combination in the same capacity."

"ON HAND" is the title of the play in which J. Thompson's to appear during the week, commencing Sept. 25th, at the Brooklyn Park Theatre. The drama is one of McCloskey's local productions, in which Johnny Thompson personates 6 dozen characters. "The effects are said to be startling.....'Lois,'" as presented by Ada Harland, drew full houses during the week ending Sept. 23d.

MISS CLARA NORRIS, supported by a dramatic company, performed at Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 18th and 19th.

"THE BLACK CROOK" will be produced by A. Fitzgerald at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2d.

W. HORACE LEONARD and his company performed at Portland, Me., on Sept. 19th.

AT WIEMING OPERA HOUSE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., Miss Jane Coombs, supported by Mr. Frederick Robinson and the best selected company that ever appeared in Syracuse, performed "School for Scandal" Sept. 18th; "London Assurance," Sept. 19th, and "Love's Sacrifice," Sept. 20th. Our correspondent, writing on September 23d, says:—"The management neglected to properly advertise, consequently but few knew the real merits of the troupe, and the attendance for the first night was quite limited, but improved every evening during their stay. Miss Coombs' rendering of the character of Margaret Elmore was a splendid performance. Mr. Frederick Robinson, as Charles Surface, was capital, and as Matthew Elmore he was called twice before the curtain. Where all did so well it is impossible to particularize. The list of the company is as follows:—Mr. A. D. Bradley, Mr. J. B. Curran, Mr. Mark Bates, Mr. Edward Coleman, Mr. W. H. Otis, Mr. Shirley Smith, Mr. F. J. Leonard, Mr. J. C. Nelson, Mr. J. Daily, Mr. J. C. Melton, Miss Mattie Bates, Miss Mary Carr, Miss E. V. Proudfoot and Mrs. E. J. Parker. Their route ahead is Rochester, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d; Buffalo, one week, commencing Sept. 25th; Cleveland, one week, commencing Oct. 2d; Cincinnati, two weeks, commencing Oct. 9th; at Crosby Opera House, Chicago, two weeks, commencing Oct. 23d, from thence to St. Louis, Louisville and New Orleans, making in all a season of thirty-six weeks.....Miss Ettie Henderson, under the management of Messrs. Henderson & Lowell, performed at Wieming Opera House as follows:—Sept. 21st, 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and 'Milly'; Sept. 22d, 'Fay'; Sept. 23d, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' They go from this place to Utica, where they perform three nights.....Joe Murphy will perform 'Help' at Wieting Opera House three nights, commencing Sept. 27th."

THE CHAPMAN SISTERS AND MR. E. A. LOCKE commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on Monday evening, Sept. 18th. Our correspondent, writing Sept. 22d, says:—"The opening bill consisted of the farce of 'Sarah's Young Man,' in which Mr. Locke, as Sam Sloeleaf, kept his audience in a roar of laughter. The Mr. Moggridge of Mr. Thompson and Harry Fielding by Mr. Jourdan were well sustained. Mrs. J. H. Wallack made her first appearance as Arimenta, and created a favorable impression. Miss Effie E. Elsler, as Sarah Gibbs, was excellent, and Mrs. Young made all that was possible of Mrs. Moggridge. 'Cinderella' introduced the sisters, Blanche, as the heroine, and Ella as Dandini. Mrs. Chas. Jourdan made her first appearance here as the Fairy Queen, and sustained that character in a satisfactory manner. Mr. Harry Phillips gave a good rendition of the baron, and J. A. Barbaret, as Alidoro, was capitally made up and immensely funny. Last, though not least, Prince Poppetti, by Bella Golden, was quite a gem. Tuesday evening 'A Quiet Family' and 'Little Don Giovanni' was satisfactorily rendered and repeated on Wednesday, in which 'If Ever I Cease to Love,' with local hits by the Misses Ella and Blanche, and Mr. Locke, was enthusiastically received and encored. Last night a series comic drama entitled 'True,' was produced; its chief merit consists in endeavoring to present to advantage the idiosyncrasies of the sisters and Mr. Locke its author. As a literary production it is without the pale of criticism; it comprises the benefit bill for 24-nights. At the matinee, to-morrow afternoon, will be presented 'Satan in Paris.' Bella Golden as Satan. 'True' and 'Don Giovanni' constitutes the bill for Saturday night. Monday the sisters will produce a new comedy entitled 'Dalswood.' Business has been very good."

CONCERNING AMUSEMENTS IN ALBANY, N. Y., our correspondent writes as follows, under date of Sept. 23d:—"The season of dramatic matters opened at the Trimble Opera House on the 18th, 'Flowers of the Forest,' with Dollie Bidwell as Cynthia, being the attraction. Harold Forsberg was loudly applauded for his masterly rendition of Ishmael, the wolf. Next came W. T. Melville as the Kinchen, which has been seldom excelled in this city. H. C. McCall did well as Lemuel. The other characters were passably performed. 'Nobody's Daughter' was performed on the 19th, 'Flowers of the Forest' for a matinee and 'Green Bushes' in the evening on the 20th. For the 21st, 'Meg's Diversion,' Miss Bidwell as Meg. Mr. Forsberg's performance of Jasper Pidgeon, although hastily studied, was excellent. Mr. C. Waverley's Ashley Merton, Esq., was a fine performance, and Mr. F. R. Pierce, as Jeremy Crow, and Mrs. H. A. Perry were also good. The performance concluded with the 'Irish Lion,' which gave Mr. Melville a chance to display his comic powers as Tim Moore. For Miss Bidwell's benefit last night, 'Jack Sheppard' and 'Robert Macaire' were performed. In the latter Mr. Forsberg as Robert, Melville as Jacques Strop, kept the audience in a roar of laughter. For the matinee this afternoon, 'Green Bushes,' and in the evening, 'Joan of Arc' and 'French Spy.' On the 25th Mr. L. F. Barrett commences a week's engagement, opening in 'Man o' Airlie.'.....Business at the Capitol Theatre has been on the increase the past week. The 'Octoroon' was performed on the 18th, 19th and 20th, Mr. Dunlap appearing as Wahnotee, made a favorable impression. Mr. Keeble sustained the part of Salem Scudder in his usual felicitious manner. Mr. J. M. Sloan's Jacob McCloskey was a fine effort; Mr. A. Queen's Pete was fair; the George Peyton of Mr. Learock's was excellent. The Queen Sisters, Laura, Julia and Fanny, appeared respectively as Zoe, Dora Sannyside and Paul, but little can be said in their favor. Miss Charlena Woodman appeared as Mrs. Pyrice, and, although the part was out of her line, she did exceedingly well. The other characters were carefully enacted. On the 21st the bill was changed to 'Ben Bolt' and the 'Dumb Belle,' with singing by Ed. Banker and Miss J. Queen, and Tony Denier's performance on stilts between the plays. Next week L'tlie Nell, the California Diamond, opens at this house, in 'Katy Did,' Walter Keeble appearing in the dual role of Roland Hetherington and Strathmore Gray, as originally played by him. Little Nell will be supported by Frank Foster, A. Queen, Geo. Learock, J. M. Sloan, Queen Sisters and full company. Rehearsal, 'Hidden Hand,' Little Nell as Capitola. During the State Fair week, which commences on the 2d of Oct., we are promise, a performance by Mr. Denier, 'Humpty Dumpty,' probably.....Joe Murphy, at Martin Hall, has been drawing large houses the past week. 'Help' on the 18th and 19th; 'Irish Tiger,' 'Dutch Sketches,' 'Seven Ond,' and 'Colored Help,' on the 20th and 21st. For a benefit last night, 'Handy Andy,' 'Dutch Sketches,' 'Colored Sketches,' and 'Irish May Apply.' Mr. Murphy has fine support. Geo. Clair, Fred G. Marder, J. J. Sullivan, W. M. Paul, Miss Irene Gay, Cousin Troy and Little Gracie Kiernan are in the company."

THE DRAMATIC SEASON in Washington, D. C., was successfully inaugurated on Saturday evening, 23d inst., by the opening of the National Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. G. Saville. Our correspondent, writing on Sept. 24th, says:—"The opening play, Bulwer's charming comedy of 'Money,' was presented with new scenery, and the following distribution of characters, which, as a matter of record, I append in full:—

Alfred Evelyn	Theo Hamilton
Sir John Vesey	A. D. Billings
Sir Frederick Blount	F. W. Burroughs
Capt. Dudley Smooth	J. G. Steele
Graves	J. J. Messiter
Stout	W. H. Collings
Lord Glossmore	J. L. Carhart
Sharp	J. N. Drew
Sir John's Servant	Mr. Conan
Evelyn's Servant	Mr. Ennes
Clara Douglas	Octavio Allen
Lady Franklin	Cordelia Cappell
Georgina	Mary Clare

The orchestra, of fourteen pieces, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Withers, with Harry Widmer, late leader for the Lingard troupe, and Mr. J. Hammond as the principal musicians, is by far the best that we have had here since the days of Kopplitz. Mr. Withers performed a violin solo, and was rewarded by a shower of applause. He then played 'Comin thro' the Rye,' and in answer to another *encore*, gave the 'Arkansas Traveler.' The music throughout the evening was of the choicest description, and every selection was greatly enjoyed by the large audience in attendance. Many improvements have been made during the summer, both in the interior and exterior of the theatre, but want of space forbids me entering into details. In a word, a very handsome drop curtain, presenting a view of Rome from the Burghese villa, has been painted; the orchestra chairs have been raised, the parquet has been transformed into the dress circle, and over all, and the work of the painter is seen in every part of the house. J. D. Germon is the stage manager Wm. Schaefer the scenic artist, James Lockwood, gas and calcium lights, Edwin Wood, properties, and Gross and Shehan, machinists. For tomorrow evening (25th), and during the week, Lester Wallack's 'Rosedale,' with cast of characters embracing the name of May Saville, Eliza Long and others, who were not in the cast of 'Money' the opening night. The eminent English comedian, Mr. Charles Mathews, is announced to open on Oct. 2d."

MISS LILLIE BARBOS acted in "Elfe" at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., during the past week, and is announced to commence an engagement at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., Sept. 25th.

THE WALLACE SISTERS—Jennie, Minnie and Maud—comic opera and comedy troupe, closed a six nights' engagement at Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23d. They go direct ahead as follows:—Danville, 25th, 26th and 27th; Williamsport, 28th, 29th and 30th; Bellefonte, Oct. 2d, 3d and 4th, and Lock Haven, 5th, 6th and 7th.

N. C. FORRESTER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Schenectady, N. Y., Sept. 19th and 20th; Rome, 21st, 22d and 23d, and are billed to perform one week in Syracuse, commencing the 25th, and will commence a regular season at the new opera house Utica, Oct. 2d.

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU commences an engagement of one week at Richmond, Va., Oct. 2d, and Washington, D. C., two weeks, commencing Oct. 23d. Her time is filled until June 1st.

JOHN E. OWENS will vist the following towns, under the management of Tayleure and Simmonds, commencing Oct. 6th:—Salem and Lowell, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Worcester, Mass.; New Haven, Conn., and Newark, N. J.

MR. C. W. TAYLEURE calls attention, in another column, to the fact that "Christie Johnstone" and "Expiation," two new plays, now being acted by Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau, are by him copyrighted and that he will protect his rights as author and proprietor.

A MONUMENT ERECTED over the remains of the late Jas. W. Lingard, at Cypress Hills Cemetery, was unveiled on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 24th, the presence of a large number of persons, including many of the professions. The ceremonies, which were under the direction of N. Y. Lodge No. 1, B. and B. Order of Elks, consisted of music, prayer and an oration by C. W. Brooke, of Philadelphia Lodge No. 2. A parting ode sung to the air of "Auld Lang Syne," was written expressly for the occasion by John F. Poole, of Philadelphia, and was sung by members of the San Francisco, Bryants and Kelley and Leon's Minstrels. The monument is some thirty feet in height, of white marble, having carved on one side the Masonic arms, below an elk's head. On a tablet below the name of the deceased appears, and on the opposite side the following inscription:—"Died July 6th, 1870, aged 47 years and 8 months. Among the professionals present were George L. Fox, J. K. Emmet, Dan Bryant, Tony Pastor, J. W. Collier, W. B. Freligh, Nelse Seymour, T. G. Riggs, J. F. Poole, Charles White, J. M. Ward, Little Mac, Archey Hughes, J. A. Barney and numerous others.

THE TREMONT OPERA HOUSE, Galveston, Texas, was opened for the season Sept. 23d, with the comedy entitled "As You Like It."

THE BROOKLYN THEATRE will be open to the public on Oct. 2d, when Bulwer's play of "Money" is to be presented. An inaugural address, written especially for the occasion by Mr. John Brougham, will be read by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, after which the play of "Money" will then be proceeded with. On Tuesday night, "London Assurance" will be played; on Wednesday night, the "Lady of Lyons;" on Thursday, "Romeo and Juliet;" on Friday, "Money;" Saturday *matinee*, "Lady of Lyons," and on Saturday night, "Guy Mannering."

Variety Halls.

A STAGE MANAGER advertises in another column for an engagement in a first class variety hall.

THE OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, Pa., has been opened by the season, under the management of the proprietor, Tony McCrystal, with the following company:—Mollie Haverly, Lizzie Lane, Georgia May, Millie Devere, Lew Walker, Harry Armstrong, Billy Wright and Charley Devere. Bill Cree, leader of orchestra. Talent is wanted. See advertisement.

THE ALHAMBRA, Philadelphia, during the past week, has not done a large business, and during the week will suffer another change of management, Messrs. Mel Kurtz and George Thatcher taking the helm. Mel Kurtz and Thatcher appear in conjunction with Sallie Benner, Ned Preble, and Mlle. Leonetta. On Thursday and Friday evenings Ned Preble and Leonetta took benefits, and on Saturday Joe Coburn and Dwyer sparred.

MLLE. GERALDINE and Mons. Leopold open an engagement, for one week, at the American, Philadelphia, on the 25th inst.

AT THE VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the company will be strengthened this week by the addition of the excellent negro comedian, John Mulligan, and that prince of comic vocalists, Billy Pastor. The Misses Louise Ross and Emma Clark also appear in an ascending act. On Monday night will furnish a new *ballet* this week, entitled "L'Enchantresse," in which new appointments, costumes, etc., will give due effect to the dancing. Mlle. Brunetta will, in future, lead the *ballet*, Mlle. Maxseri having retired.

AT TONY MCCRYSTAL'S OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Miss Ida Gilsey, vocalist; Jos. Mack and Dan Howard, negro comedians, put in an appearance the past week.

AT ARCH STREET MULLEN'S THIRD STREET OPERA HOUSE, Philadelphia, the Hibernian Minstrels and Miss Lee will be the fresh attractions this week.

CINCINNATI VARIETY INTELLIGENCE is furnished by our correspondent, dating the 23d, as follows:—"Business at the Race Street Varieties has been quite good this week. The Misses Mary Gladstone made their farewell on the 16th, and are to appear at Tony Pastor's on the 25th. On Monday evening George Wild, Ethiopian comedian, made his first appearance in the city, and has made a favorable impression. He is comical on the ends and in sketches, and also dances well. He has been giving the 'Active Girl' this week, and, in conjunction with Corelli and Bishop, will produce a piece entitled 'Uncle Sam's Visit,'

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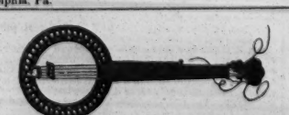

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